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October 24, 1963 35¢
THE WOULD-BE WRITER INDUSTRY

THE REPORTER

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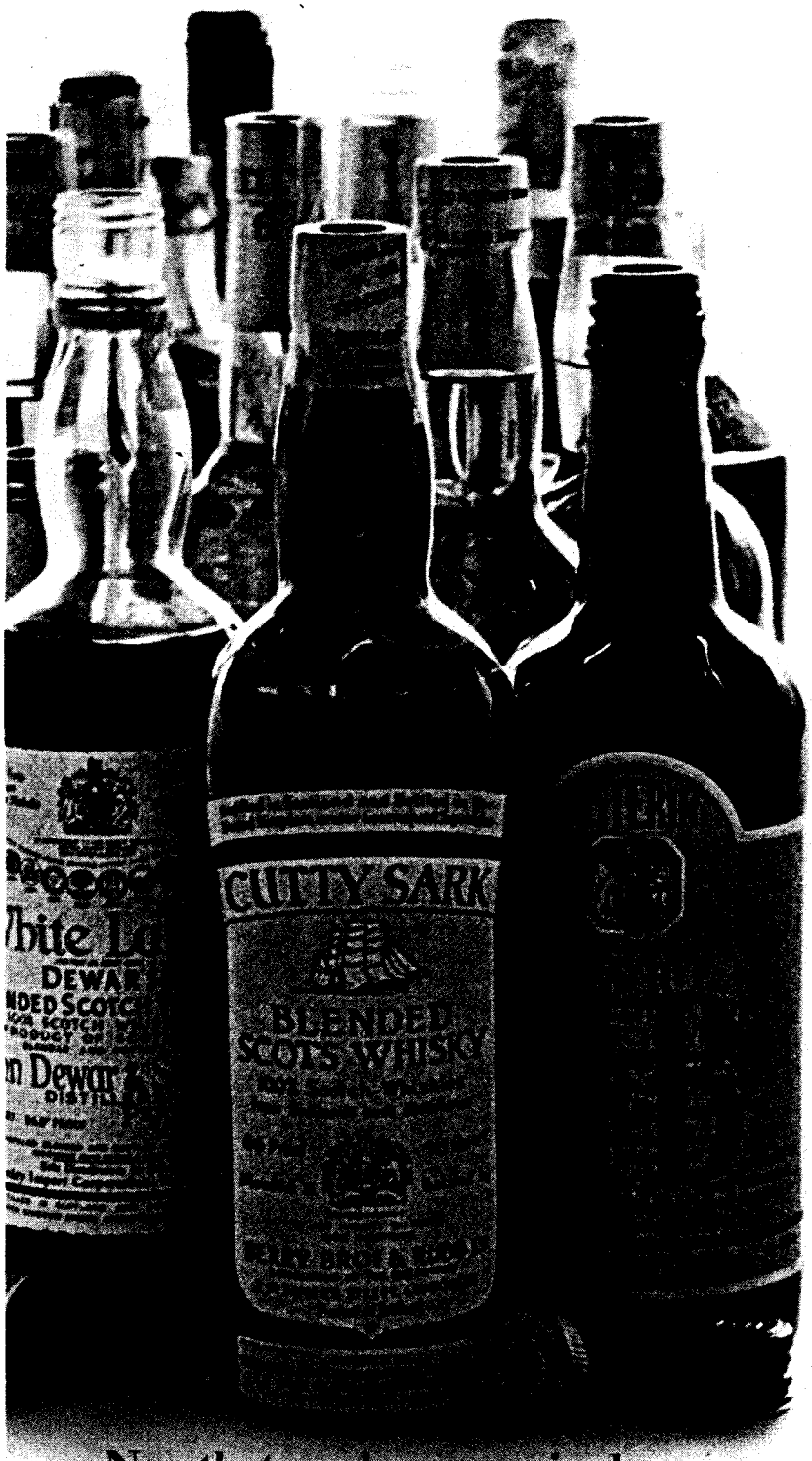
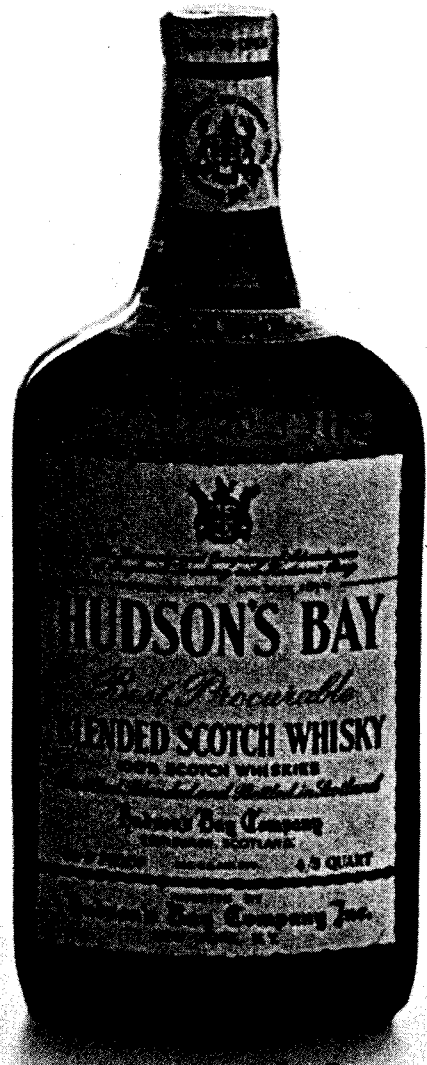


Now that you have acquired
a taste for scotch...



you are ready for
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Scotch takes a bit of getting used to. The novice will sip into it gradually. Probably start with one of the well-known "light" scotches. But once you acquire the taste, it's time for the rich full body and character of Hudson's Bay Best Procurable. (If you'd like to see how totally unalike great scotches can be, taste and compare a jigger of Hudson's Bay with a jigger of any of the others.)

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Look at the books · Look at the savings · Look at the offer

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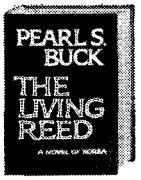
127. THE LAST LOVE Thomas B. Costain (Publisher's edition, $5.95)



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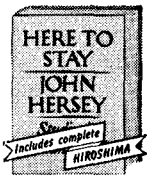

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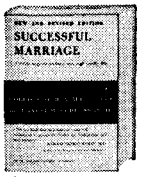
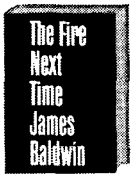


310. SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE, Morris Fishbein & Ernest W. Burgess (Pub. edition, $6.00)



22. THE FIRE NEXT TIME, James Baldwin (Publisher's edition, $3.50)

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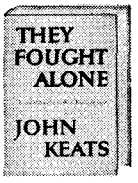

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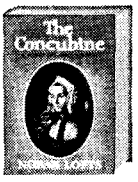
39. RAGS OF GLORY Stuart Cloete (Publisher's edition, $6.95)



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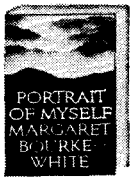

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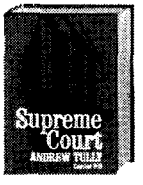

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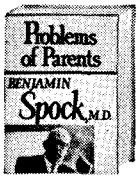

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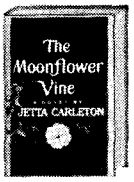

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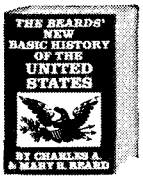

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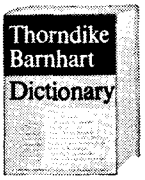

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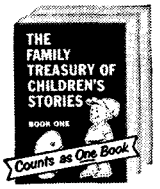

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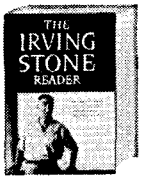

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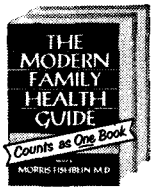

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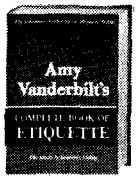

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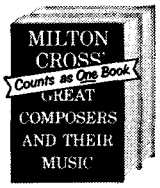

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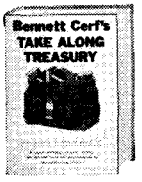

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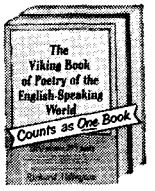

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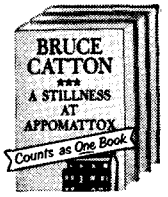

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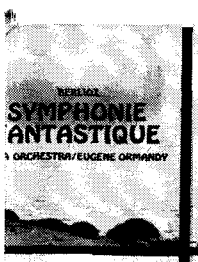

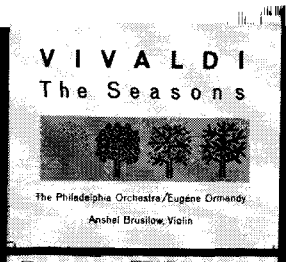

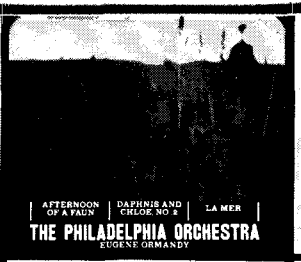

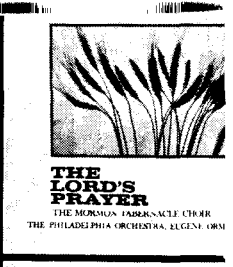

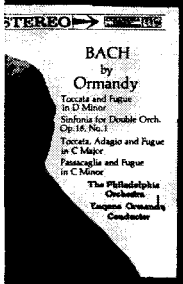

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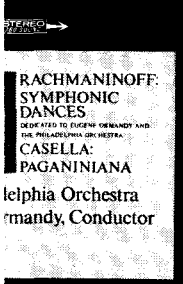
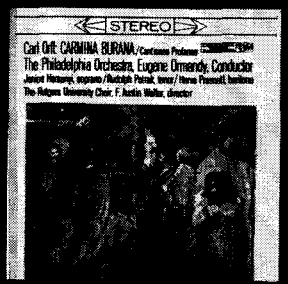
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, EUGENE ORMANDY, CONDUCTOR

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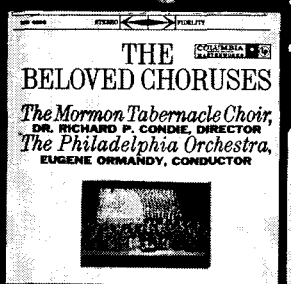

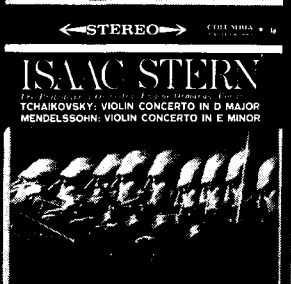

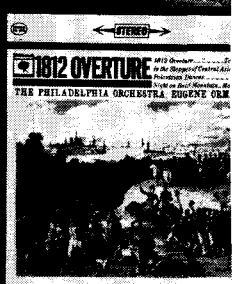

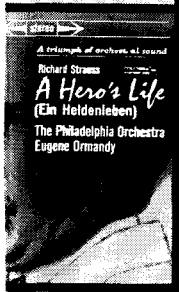

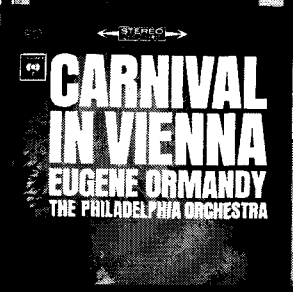

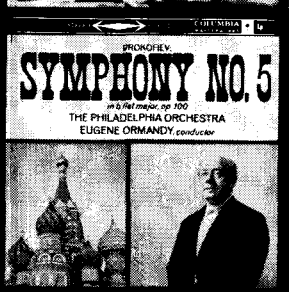

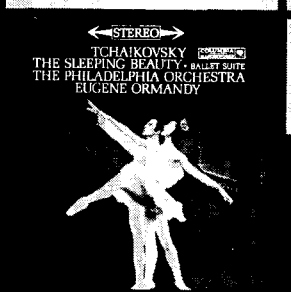

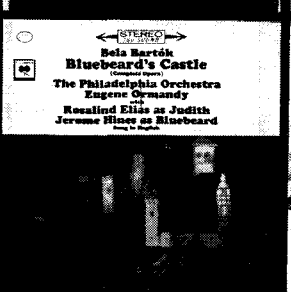

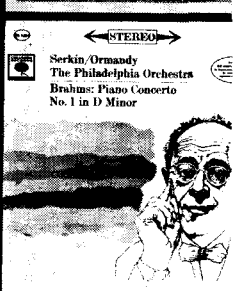

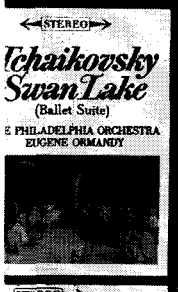

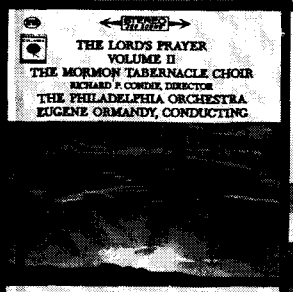

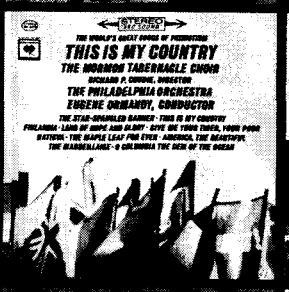

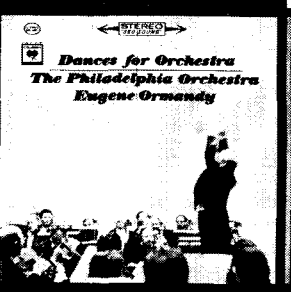

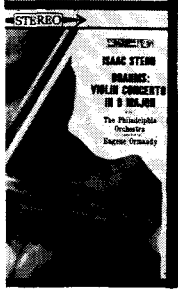

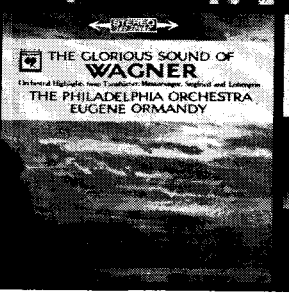

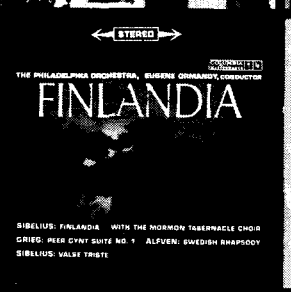
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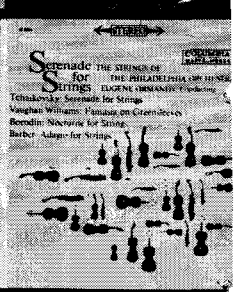

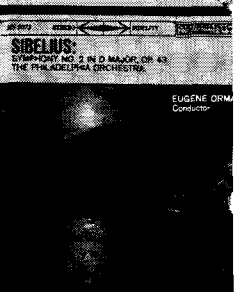

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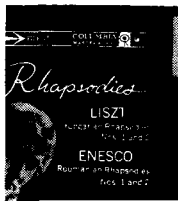

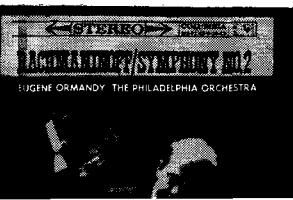

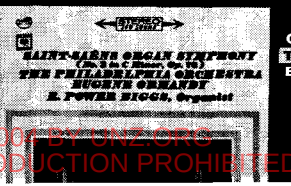

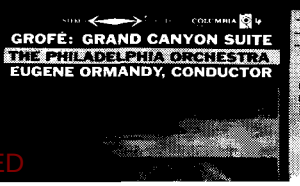

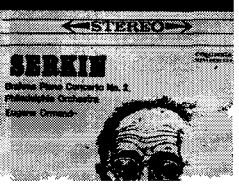

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VOLUME 29, NO. 7 **OCTOBER 24, 1963**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 20

Our Yemen Policy

PURSUIT OF A MIRAGE . . . . . *Philip Horton* 28

At Home & Abroad

PERU'S NEW POLITICS: THE HIT-OR-MISS APPROACH . . . . . *Gladys Delmas* 35
WHAT DE GAULLE ACTUALLY SAID ABOUT VIETNAM . . . . . *Bernard Fall* 39
A DEAN DEPARTS FROM OLE MISS . . . . . *Reese Cleghorn* 42
THE SPEAKER VS. THE 'HARD-LINERS' . . . . . *Milton Viorst* 43
IS AUSTRIA HERE TO STAY? . . . . . *George Bailey* 45

Views & Reviews

THE WOULD-BE WRITER INDUSTRY . . . . . *Alan Levy* 48
THE ARTIST——DRAWINGS . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 49
'HERE I STAND (MORE OR LESS)' . . . . . *Tom F. Driver* 54
THE THREEPENNY ARTIST . . . . . *Hilton Kramer* 57

Books:

FINGER EXERCISES . . . . . *David Littlejohn* 62
RITTENHOUSE ROUNDABOUT . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 64

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 58

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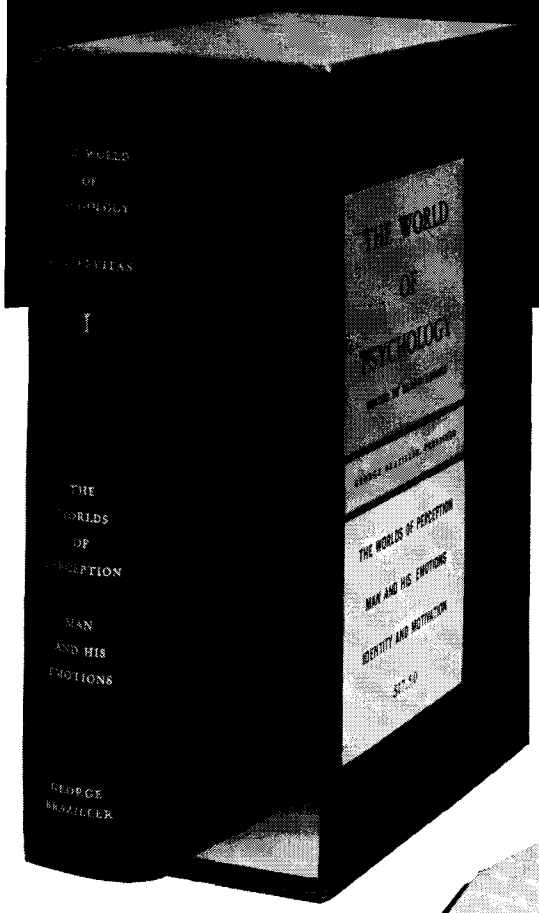

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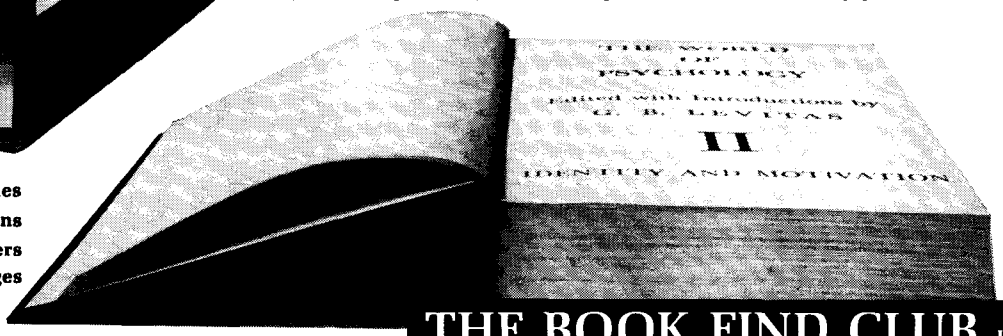

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

YEMEN, like many of the other places that test the skill, intelligence, and determination of the men who make our foreign policy, might be described as a small country very far away. Moreover, the issues involved in the fighting and intriguing over that country of desert and mountains are, to say the least, ambiguous. There is certainly no sharply defined contest between "good guys" and "bad guys"; and the United States is bound by ties of economic interest and diplomacy to both the Egyptians, who support the Yemeni republicans, and the Saudi Arabians, who support the Yemeni royalists. Yes, it is easy to see why Yemen has not commanded much space on the front pages of even our best newspapers. But for all this apparent lack of "newsiness," *The Reporter's* Executive Editor, **Philip Horton,** concluded after several weeks of painstaking research that there is an important story to be told about U.S. involvement in Yemen—exactly the sort of story that is the reason for this magazine's existence. And that is why we have devoted more than seven pages to a small country very far away.

MILITARY COUPS in Latin America are surely to be deplored, although at least in some cases they do not always lead to bad governments, as Assistant Secretary of State Edward W. Martin pointed out earlier this month. The junta in Peru, for example, held elections on schedule and has been succeeded by the reform-minded régime of President Fernando Belaúnde Terry. In his first three months of office, Belaúnde has stolen the thunder of his leftist opposition, the APRA Party, and has captured the imagination of Peruvians by a broadside of new measures in fiscal, political, and agrarian reform. **Gladys Delmas,** an American writer who specializes in Latin-American affairs, has recently returned from a visit to Peru. . . . Just what *is* President de Gaulle's interest in Vietnam? From many press reports it appears that he would pave the way for a Communist take-over by encouraging reunification of North and South Vietnam. At the very least, these reports suggest, he is deliberately needling Washington. Neither explanation bears up under comparison with what the general actually said. **Bernard Fall,** a Frenchman, is a professor of international relations at Howard University with long experience in Southeast Asia. His latest book, *The Two Vietnams,* will be published next month by Praeger. . . . Another chapter in the tragic story of the University of Mississippi is related by **Reese Cleghorn,** an editorial associate of the Atlanta *Journal.* . . . **Milton Viorst,** a Washington correspondent of the New York *Post,* reports that liberal Democrats in the House have apparently lost another battle with Speaker McCormack and Southern conservatives over an appointment to the powerful Rules Committee. . . . **George Bailey,** our correspondent based in Bonn, describes the plight of Austria in facing up to a status of dependence on its bigger neighbors.

Alan Levy, whose meditations on the joys and sorrows of the free-lance writer appear in this issue, is a free-lance writer. . . . **Fernando Krahn** is a young Chilean artist, recently arrived on these shores, whose humorous drawings are a source of avuncular pride to our Chilean-born art director. . . . **Tom F. Driver** is an associate professor at the Union Theological Seminary and the author of *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama* (Columbia). . . . **Hilton Kramer** is completing a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture which is to be published by Doubleday Anchor Books. . . . **David Littlejohn** is currently teaching at the University of California at Berkeley. . . . Some men shoot grouse, others collect Indian-head pennies, but one of our editors collects jokes about Philadelphia. Having failed to get them somehow planted in the review of a new book about the City of Brotherly Love, he insists that his two favorites appear here. Here they are: (1) "I went to Philadelphia, but it was closed." (2) "The first prize in a contest was a week in Philadelphia. The second prize was two weeks in Philadelphia." **Gerald Weales,** who wrote the review, has heard both of these jokes and, as a native of Indiana now embarking on his sixth year of teaching at the University of Pennsylvania, doesn't think they are funny.

OUR COVER, for the second time in a row, is by **Gregorio Prestopino,** an exhibit of whose prints has just opened at the Art Alliance in a city for which we actually have the greatest respect—Philadelphia.

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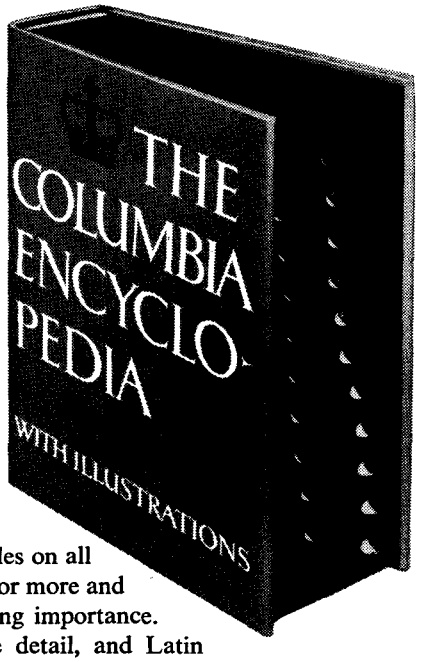

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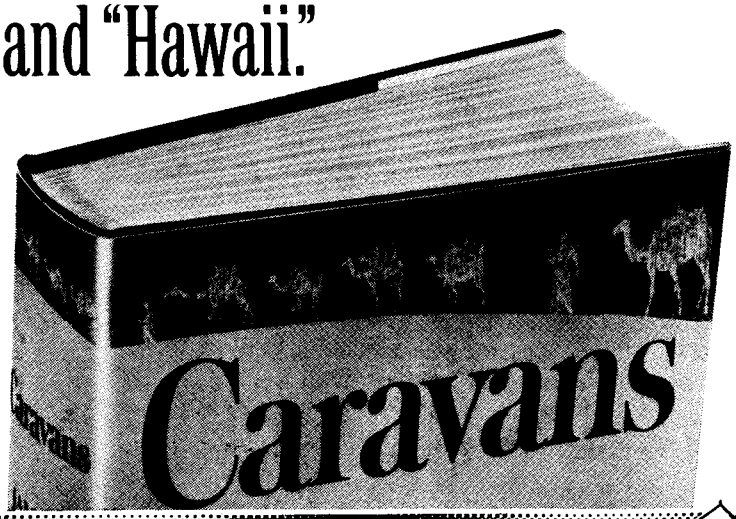

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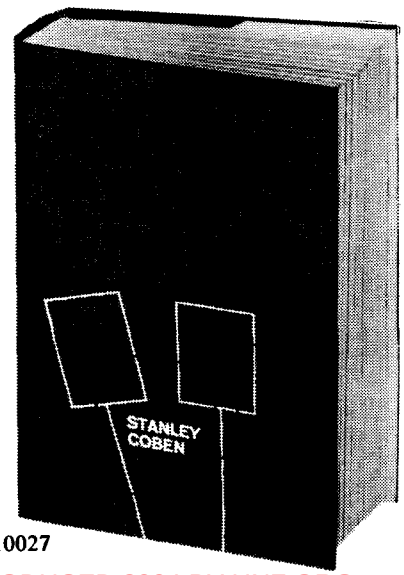

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SCIENCE IN WASHINGTON

To the Editor: I read Meg Greenfield's article "Science Goes to Washington" (*The Reporter*, September 26) with much interest and amusement. It is excellent and, needless to say, I'm grateful to Miss Greenfield for treating me with such tenderness compared to the large slate of my good friends. There are few purer pleasures than to see one's friends gently panned in public.

I must disagree, however, with her on the problem of an intellectual "conflict of interest," i.e., scientists mixing up their activities in the government with their activities as private individuals. The scientific profession certainly has its share of congenital idiots when it comes to making public statements on subjects about which they know little, but scientists are no worse in this respect than others. Moreover, the conflict-of-interest laws (specifically the 1962 statute) make it very clear that a consultant to the government is a private citizen on days when he is not employed by the government and has all the rights and freedoms of such except for a few sharply defined activities. Certainly he is entitled to speak publicly as a private individual with complete freedom. On the other hand, on the days when he is employed by the government, he is still not a member of the government but only an adviser to same. There is a large difference between a member of the President's Scientific Advisory Committee, for instance, and its chairman, who is a government officer. The members can issue no orders or directives, can spend not a cent of government money, etc., etc. They can only recommend these actions, and the full-time government officers are clearly aware that there is a boundary which the consultant may not transgress; the entire responsibility, and therefore the entire authority, remains with them.

G. B. KISTIAKOWSKY
Harvard University

To the Editor: I am disturbed by the picture of scientists that emerges from Miss Greenfield's article—both from what she says and what she does not say, the criticism she reports and the lack of positive comment. The scientists appear as a haphazard crowd, bearing their weight on Washington without direction or motivation.

I have lost touch with the younger generations of scientists, but trust that they too, like their elders, are moved by sincere devotion to our country. The very fact that the "active elite" is anonymous and allegedly includes as many as 392 members seems to prove that scientists do not seek prestige and power in Washington, and to

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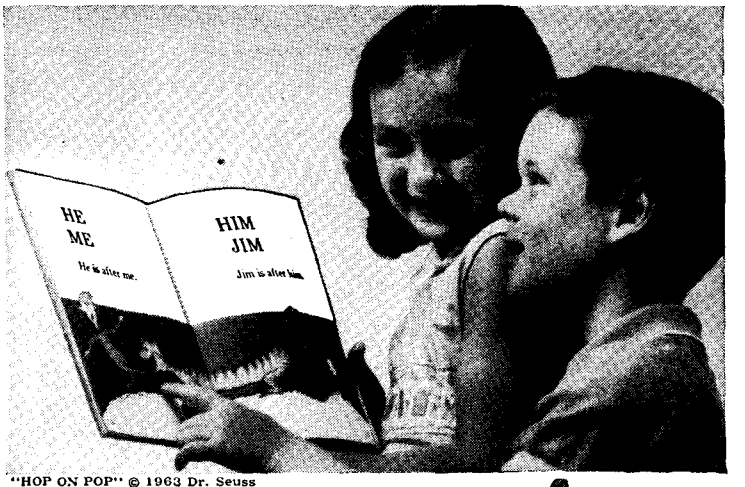

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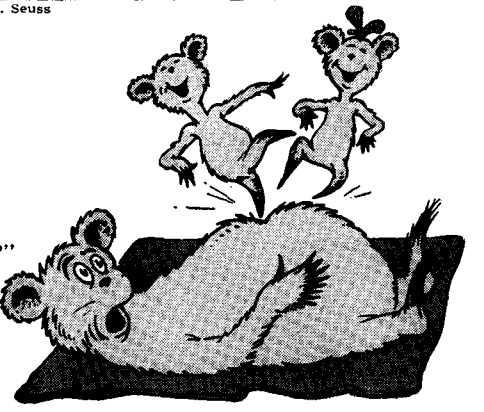
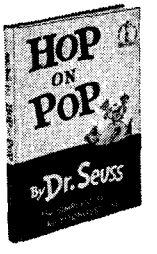
HOP
POP

We like to hop.
We like to hop
on top of Pop.

Excerpt and drawing from "HOP ON POP" ©1963 Dr. Seuss





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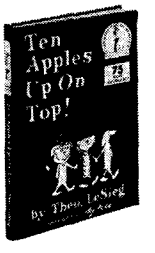

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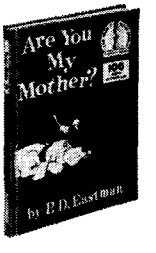

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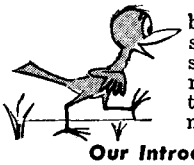

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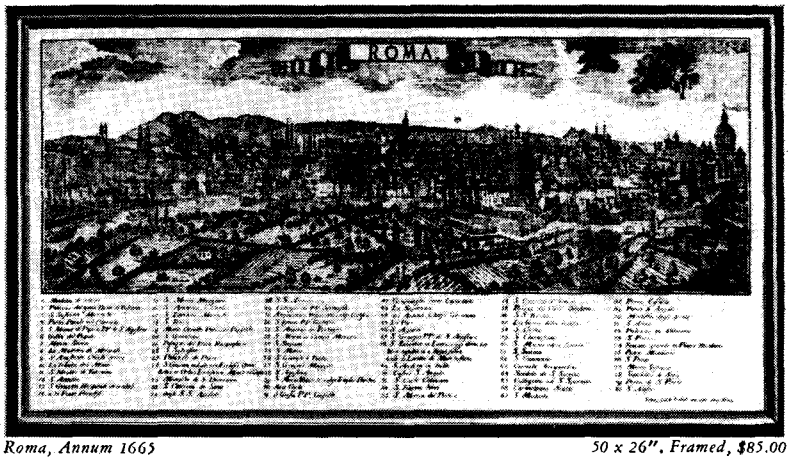

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turn to page 51

disprove the claim that they are reluctant to serve.

The scientists I know best are those who, as the article says, have "the right connections," having worked in Los Alamos in wartime. They are men of strong beliefs and great devotion both to science and to the country. They left Los Alamos after the war because they felt that the role of scientists is to pursue unrestricted research and to train new crops of scientists. Working for the government requires much soul-searching, time, disruption of work, and loss of the "ivory tower" atmosphere that is needed for research. Yet at the end of the war scientists recognized their duty to put their knowledge of the new atomic discoveries at the disposal of the American people, and offered their advice, which at that time was not always welcome.

It went against the strongest inclinations of some of them to sit in committees like the General Advisory Committee of the AEC, but they did, and our country, I think, benefited from their devotion, or, as Miss Greenfield puts it, from "the hegemony" of the GAC and other advisory groups. Now these men are labeled, how unfairly, "fuzzy-wuzzies." I gather from the article that the label became attached because they made some wrong predictions. Evidently the public expects prophets, not scientists, in Washington. What group will provide them?

Science progresses by constant evaluation of not yet proven factors, and on a path of trial and error. The public must understand that. It must become familiar with the scientific process. It must learn science: not radiophysics or radiobiology, or any specialized field, but the philosophy of science and its methods, the discipline it imposes on thinking, and what is called its "jargon." Then, we may hope, orientation into scientific questions and open-mindedness will be built into our culture.

LAURA FERMI
Chicago

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's analysis of the bewildering problems involved in the relationship between government and science is one of the most insightful appraisals I have read on the subject. It is especially valuable in view of current discussions of how Congress can most effectively obtain scientific information. The article goes straight to the point in stating that one of the key issues is what is a scientific question and what is a scientific answer. Since philosophers are not yet kings and scientists are not yet policymakers, it is essential that those who do make policy get the best scientific information possible.

CLINTON P. ANDERSON, Chairman
Committee on Aeronautical
and Space Science
United States Senate

To the Editor: I have read Miss Greenfield's article with great care, and think

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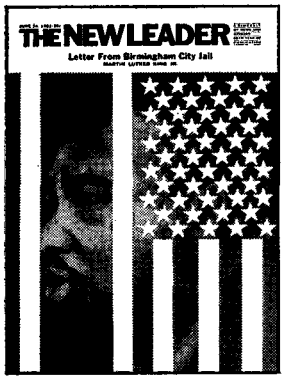

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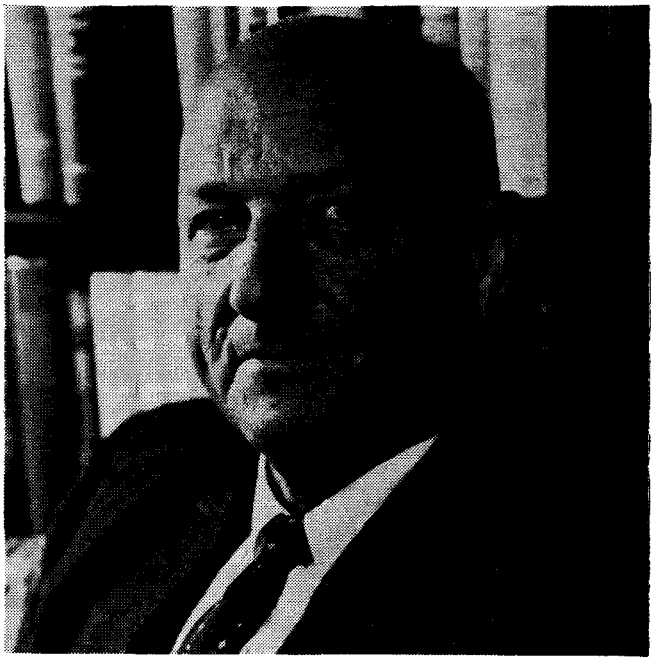

David E. Lilienthal
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that it is an absolutely first-class piece —a very excellent statement and portrayal of the current dynamic and fluid and confusing situation of government science in Washington. The article will be extremely helpful to very many readers. It will also be very useful as a "historical" piece for researchers who may want to look back at this dust-filled atmosphere at some time in the future when the dust has settled somewhat (and perhaps, also, when less interesting things will be happening!).

CARYL P. HASKINS, President
Carnegie Institution
of Washington

THE COURTS

To the Editor: I read Judge J. Skelly Wright's "The Role of the Courts: Conscience of a Sovereign People" (*The Reporter*, September 26) with enthusiastic approval. The fact that he, an authentic Southerner, could advance this thesis, which he has so often maintained in court, gives me hope for the South and our whole country even while I contemplate Birmingham.

Judge Wright is clearly not arguing for verbally fixed absolutes. Great declarations embodied in our Constitution need interpretation in the light of developing situations. Election returns ought not to be confused with the conscience of the people. Nevertheless the courts as spokesman and leader of the conscience cannot successfully get too far ahead of the people. This Judge Wright clearly implies in his discussion of the delay of the courts in acting on undemocratic legislative apportionment.

Moreover, judges are not infallible spokesmen for the American conscience. That is abundantly proved by history, even recent history. Judge Wright quotes a fine statement by Justice Hugo Black in his article. That distinguished justice is often called an "absolutist" in defense of civil liberty. Yet he wrote an opinion supporting perhaps the worst single violation of it in my lifetime; namely, the evacuation into concentration camps of all the West Coast Japanese and Japanese-Americans during the Second World War. This without trial or hearing. The Supreme Court in that war, to its everlasting credit, reversed itself, as Judge Wright points out, in the matter of the Witnesses for Jehovah, and the country accepted its act. Yet in the Japanese cases it permitted a wholly unnecessary and evil violation of justice in the name of security.

Clearly we shall have to work out our salvation in the field of freedom without perfect confidence in any arm of government, much less in our immediate emotions. Judge Wright's closing sentence reads: "And as long as we are ruled by the informed and challenged conscience of America, we have nothing to fear." Despite progress in some fields with the help of the courts, they and we are far from being so ruled today.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York

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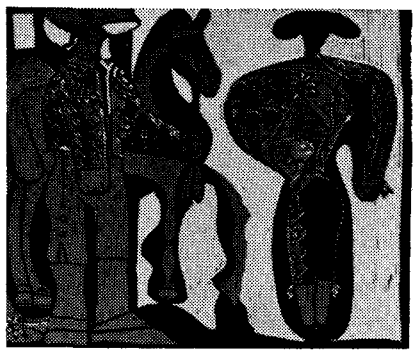

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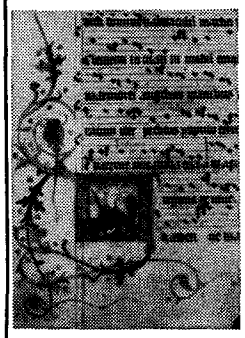

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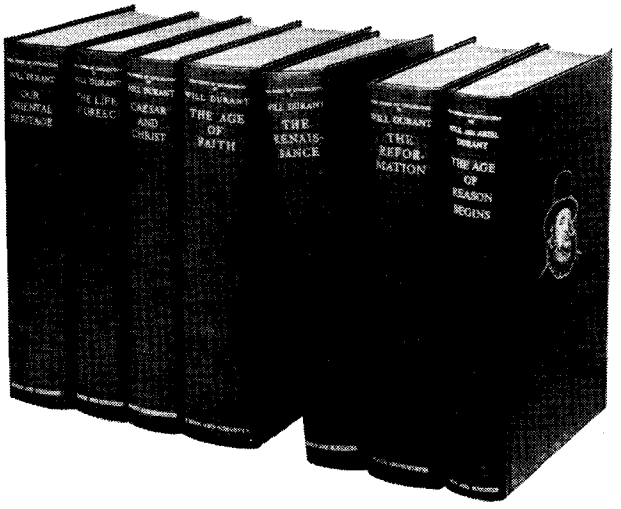

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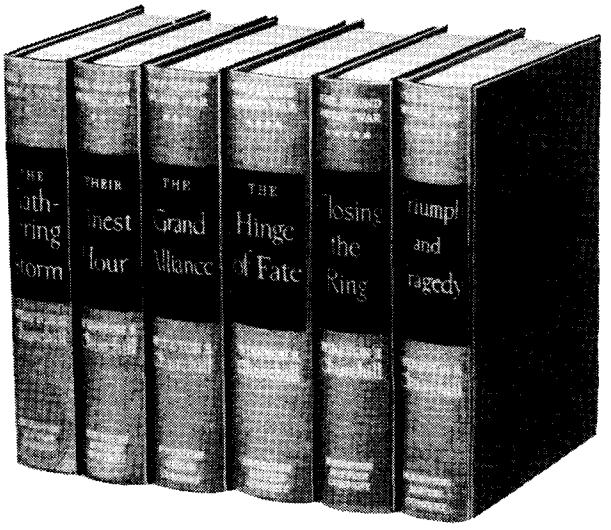

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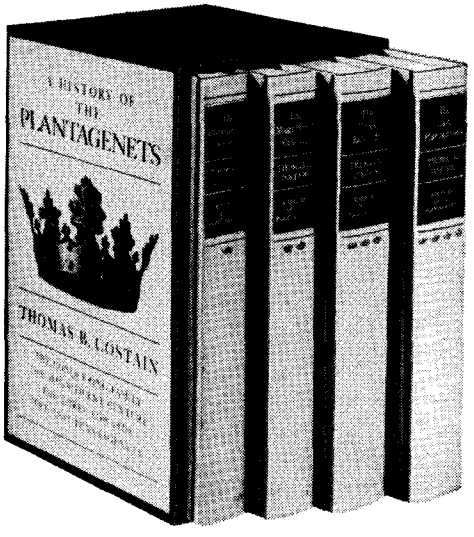

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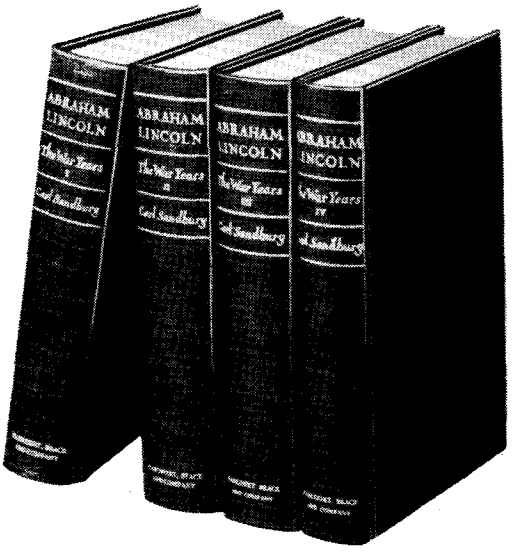

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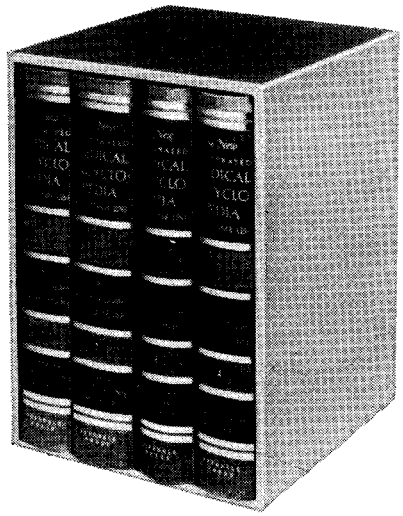

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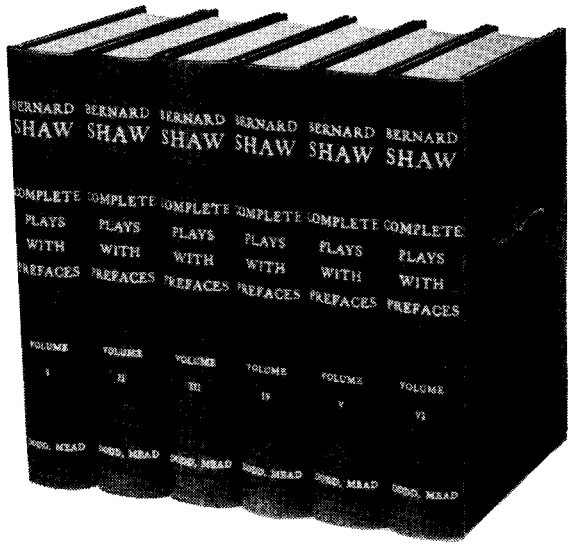

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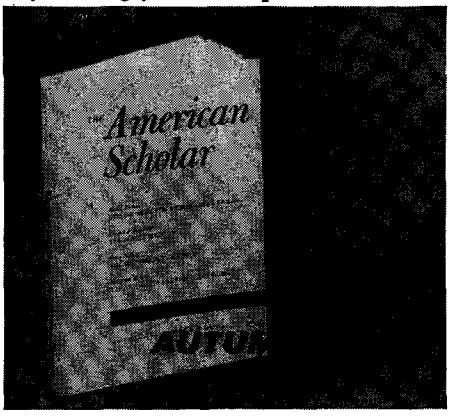

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Newly Emerging Peoples

We no longer have any patience with those provincial citizens—meaning anyone who lives outside New York City—who profess themselves baffled by Democratic politics in New York. Of course, the city's particular forms of war, peace, treachery, and reconciliation may have no parallels in American experience. But who by now is not familiar with the situation in Ghana, for example, or with that in the Congo? To despair of understanding who is doing what to whom and why in New York City is, in 1963, a form of intellectual isolationism.

You begin with the central government of Strong Man Robert F. Wagner. You take account of a pronounced tendency to revert to tribalism on the part of Chief Charles A. Buckley and Chief Stanley Steingut of vote-rich Bronx and Brooklyn provinces respectively. You assess the added threat to Wagner's shaky coalition from a fanatical religious sect in Manhattan called "The Reform Movement." You acknowledge that Wagner's two top cabinet ministers—the Controller and the President of the City Council in this case—are conspiring to replace him. And finally you understand that each of these contending tribes, factions, and sects has appealed to Washington for aid ("patronage" in native lingo) either directly or by way of Stephen Smith, who had been sent by his brother-in-law, John F. Kennedy, as a sort of roving ambassador to try to straighten things out in New York. What, when you think about it, could be simpler than that?

Naturally it hasn't been a simple matter for the Kennedy administration to deal with. Fearful that the whole area may be lost (to the Republicans) and at the same time sensitive to charges of imperialism and intervention from the ruling government party, the administration has had to maintain a public hands-off attitude while exerting as much influence as it could behind the scenes. It is no secret in New York, for instance, that Washington has tried to cut off aid to Strong Man Wagner and that it has been dealing sympathetically with both Chiefs Buckley and Steingut on the side. In a bold and somewhat impulsive move, it further attempted to squash Wagner's political ambition to enlarge his domain when it all but publicly supported the 1964 senatorial candidacy of Representative Samuel Stratton of Schenectady. In a recent backdown, not unlike that vis-à-vis the government in Saigon, the administration has let it be known that it will not interfere in New York's internal affairs on Stratton's behalf—not publicly, anyway. Washington, in other words, is now committed to letting New York's Democrats govern themselves.

But are they ready to? Were they, for that matter, ready for the independence they won in a coup against Paramount Chief De-Sapio two years ago? In our opinion, observers have been entirely too pessimistic about the New Yorkers' fitness to rule themselves. It is true that they have shown a certain awkwardness in adapting to free institutions. The City Board of Elections, for instance, recently found of an election comeback attempt on the part of De Sapio that "ineligible votes were cast in fourteen districts in the Greenwich Village area." It is also a fact that the Democrats felt obliged to go to court this year seeking ways of simplifying ballot forms so that the natives would be able to understand them. But progress was bound to be slow, and it is only necessary to compare the manner of electing their party chiefs two years ago with those of electing them now to see that progress is being made. This year, following primary elections there was no fistfight on the floor of the Legislature or "County Committee meeting," as there was

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in 1961. Admittedly, when it came right down to voting on a new Manhattan chief, the vote was taken while the leading candidate's opponents were out of the room. But such lapses may be considered minor. Americans must realize that their own form of democracy is not immediately adaptable to the newly emerging peoples of the world.

D.P.'s at the U.N.

Mr. Wachuku of Nigeria is known as the Mr. Malaprop of the U.N. Some time ago, for instance, arriving in Geneva for a conference, he stepped off his plane and announced that he had come "with an empty mind." More recently, he began an address to the General Assembly this way: "I want to say here, and without contradiction . . . " His point, however, was that the African states had not come to the 18th session of the U.N. to wreck the organization, and he perhaps *is* in danger of contradiction.

As far as Mr. Wachuku knew, the African states had made no positive decision to expel South Africa and Portugal from the building on 42nd Street.

"A sheer waste of time," said Mr. Wachuku. And we agree. The U.N. will not defeat apartheid in South Africa by setting up its own apartheid. It will not prevent attacks on those least able to resist in South Africa by attacking those least able to resist in the U.N. We suspect the situation would be somewhat different if South Africa were a major power or if it had overwhelming support from a major bloc.

"There goes the loneliest man in the U.N.," a reporter said, pointing to the head of the South African mission hurriedly making his way through the Delegates' Lounge past the circles of Africans in the center of the room. Pity, however, would be inappropriate, even if the fact were true. For actually the loneliest man in the U.N. is the Albanian delegate, who has lately become somewhat obsessed with the matter of friendship. "The People's Republic of Albania has many friends," an Albanian delegate told the Assembly recently, much to everyone's surprise, "not only among its brothers of the socialist camp but also among

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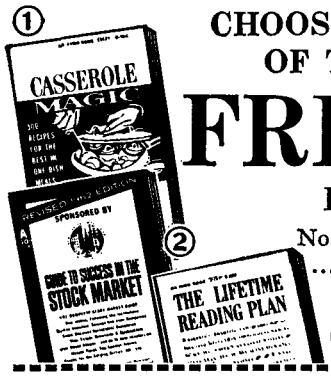

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all the peaceful and honest countries of the world..." He spoke vaguely of new friends in Africa, in Asia, and among the Arab states, but he specifically named only China, North Vietnam, North Korea, and Cuba.

Now there is somebody to be sorry for.

The Middleman

First there was the election to the House. Then there was the election to the Senate. There followed two elections to the Vice-Presidency and one try each at the Presidency and the governorship of California. That makes six, and now, if the political pundits and tipsters are to be believed, the nation is about to face its seventh crisis with Richard Milhous Nixon. Have we the fortitude to endure it? We should have—taking Nixon himself for our guide—since we have been through it all before. "Experience is a vitally important factor," as he has put it. "When a man has been through even a minor crisis, he learns not to worry when his muscles tense up, his breathing becomes faster, his nerves tingle, his stomach churns . . . "

Rising above the odd churn and the random tingle, we have undertaken to read for ourselves the signs from which a growing number of journalists and politicians have inferred a new Nixon candidacy. Of these the most persuasive is the former Vice-President's insistence in a recent spate of interviews, articles, and pronouncements to the effect that (1) he is not a candidate and (2) he would be an awfully good one. We are thinking in particular of his self-described position as ideological middleman between his party's two extremes. Oddly enough, the idea has proved attractive to some old Nixonphobes who, contrary to every principle set forth in the definitive text ("Confidence ... Coolness ... Courage") have gone and lost their heads in the Goldwater crisis. Even the *New Republic's* TRB has lately viewed Nixon as a relatively safe port in the present Goldwater storm. Goldwater, it is thought, has finally out-Nixoned Nixon by hiring an electronic computer to digest all his old speeches and inform him exactly what his positions are.

We can only presume that it has been a heady experience for the former Vice-President to learn that there is someone on the scene whose election to the Presidency would be considered by American liberals to be more deplorable than his own. And we should not be surprised if evidence to this effect has not encouraged him in his present effort. But in our opinion it would be a vast mistake for Nixon's one time antagonists to reappraise him now as a lesser Goldwater from the point of view of the issues. On the contrary, it has always been Richard Nixon's special talent to embody everyone's views at once, a talent that, symbolically, reached its high point on Election Day of 1962 when he informed the voters of California that he had just ingested an Italian dinner, a Jewish breakfast, and a Chinese lunch, all of which he then topped off with an American pineapple malted milk and coffee. In more than one way that must have been a distressing day for him, and no doubt it explains the uncharacteristic fit of temper in which he announced his departure from the political scene altogether. By the same token, no true Nixonologists could be mystified by the recent move of the Nixon household from California to New York. What, when you get right down to it, could be more desirable from the point of view of a comprehensive, all-purpose candidate than to be a one-man balanced ticket?

Whether Nixon could carry either of his native states (or his own apartment house, for that matter) is not clear at the moment. We tend to doubt that he could, but then more futile speculations than a Nixon candidacy must have been set forth in recent days. If you give us a week, as someone once said, we'll try to think of one.

One World

If it is correct that nations tend to get the governments they deserve, it follows that the same may be true of their television stars. We have in mind the appearance last week on national television channels of (1) Joseph Valachi (2) Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu and (3) Mme. Nhu's father, Dr. Tran Van Chuong, who resigned his

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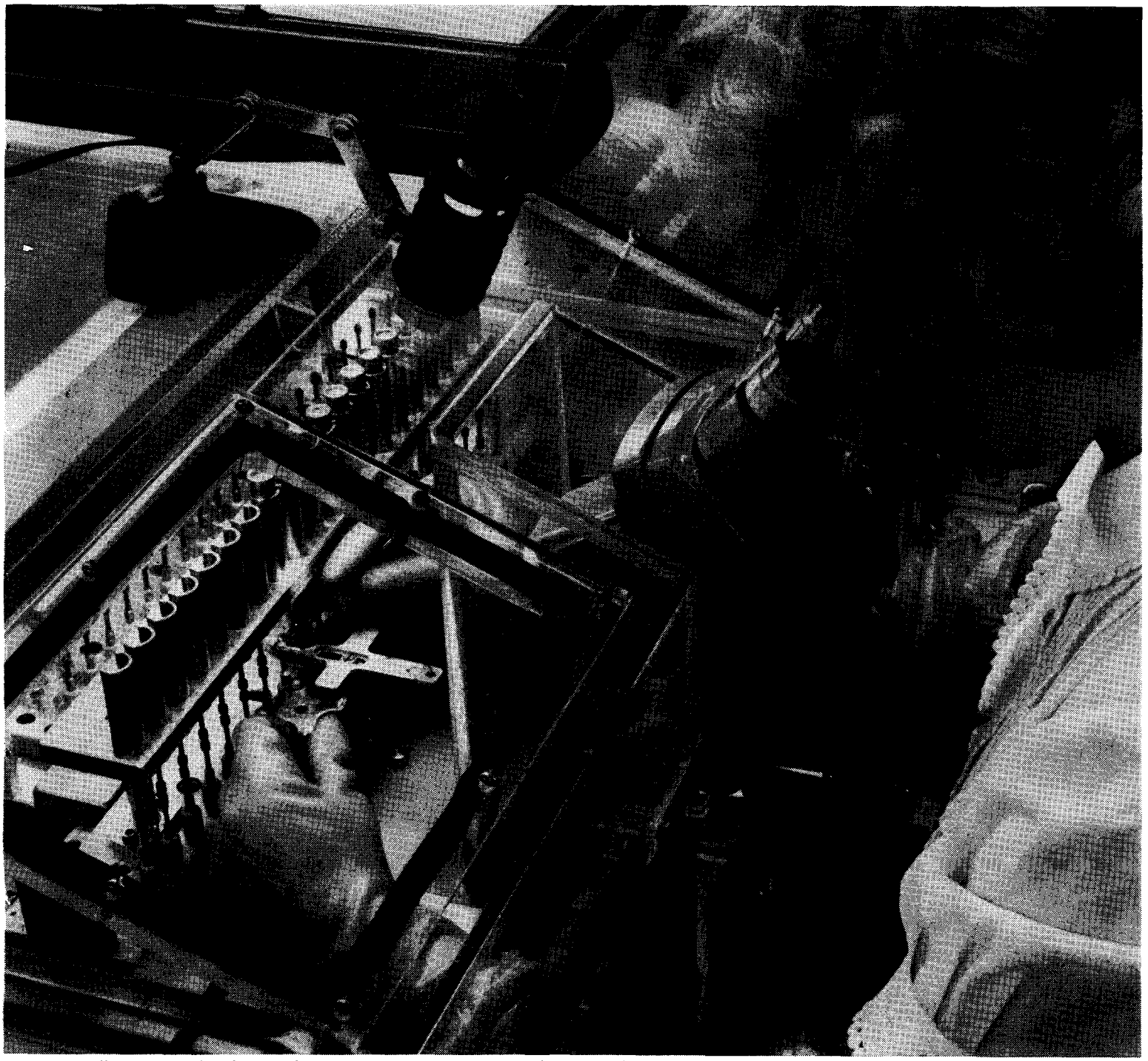
Gulliver never saw it so small



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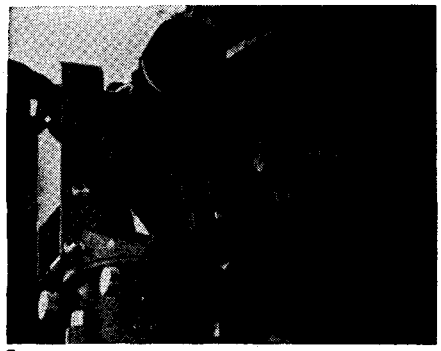
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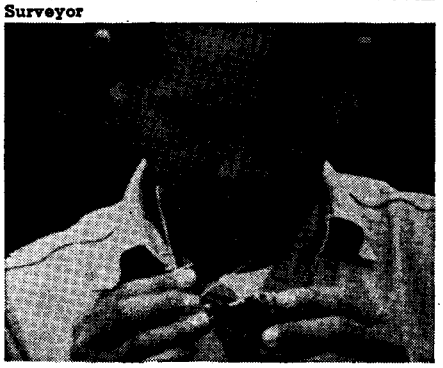
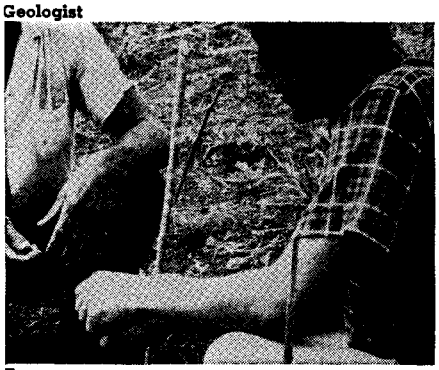
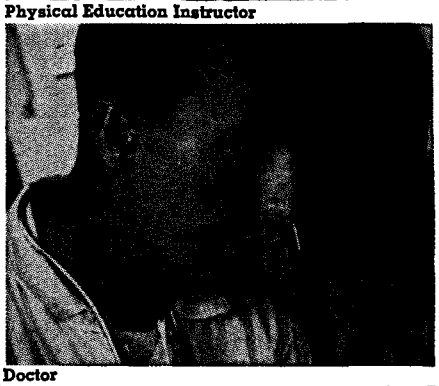

Geologist

Physical Education Instructor


Farmer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post as South Vietnamese ambassador to the United States because he disagreed with the power politics pursued in his country by Mme. Nhu and her friends and in-laws, including President Ngo Dinh Diem.

Mme. Nhu got off to a rather promising start when she arrived in New York. She charmed the photographers and reporters assembled to meet her, and then undertook to lecture Americans in general and President Kennedy in particular on the dangers of Communist power politics.

Valachi, of course, had already been displaying his own knowledge of power politics before the somewhat awed and courtly members of the U.S. Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. Valachi's disquisitions were couched in the arcane argot of the U.S. underworld, and we saw Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas ponderously trying to make the exchanges comprehensible to television viewers by giving his translations of such expressions as "canary," "bump-off" and similar gangland esoterica. Valachi did not undertake to lecture Senator McClellan or anyone else on the dangers of Communism, but he did have some pungent comments on the exercise of political power by Vito Genovese, putative boss of the criminal organization called the Mafia. Genovese, said Valachi, was wrong in ordering suspect Mafia members executed in prison. Valachi then touched on the wonder of Genovese's power. "It used to be I even stuttered when I talked to him, I had such respect for him," he said. Whether the senators drew any conclusions from Valachi's failure to stutter in *their* presence is not recorded, but many nodded their heads in agreement when he cited his reason for breaking with Genovese: "Power went to his head."

Several nights later, former Ambassador Chuong was interviewed on a television program, and was questioned vigorously on his opinion of his daughter's politics. He was reluctant to comment directly on Mme. Nhu's activities, but when pressed, he finally observed with much the air of a scholar who has just recalled a phrase from his store of learning, "Well, power corrupts—as your Mr. Valachi says."

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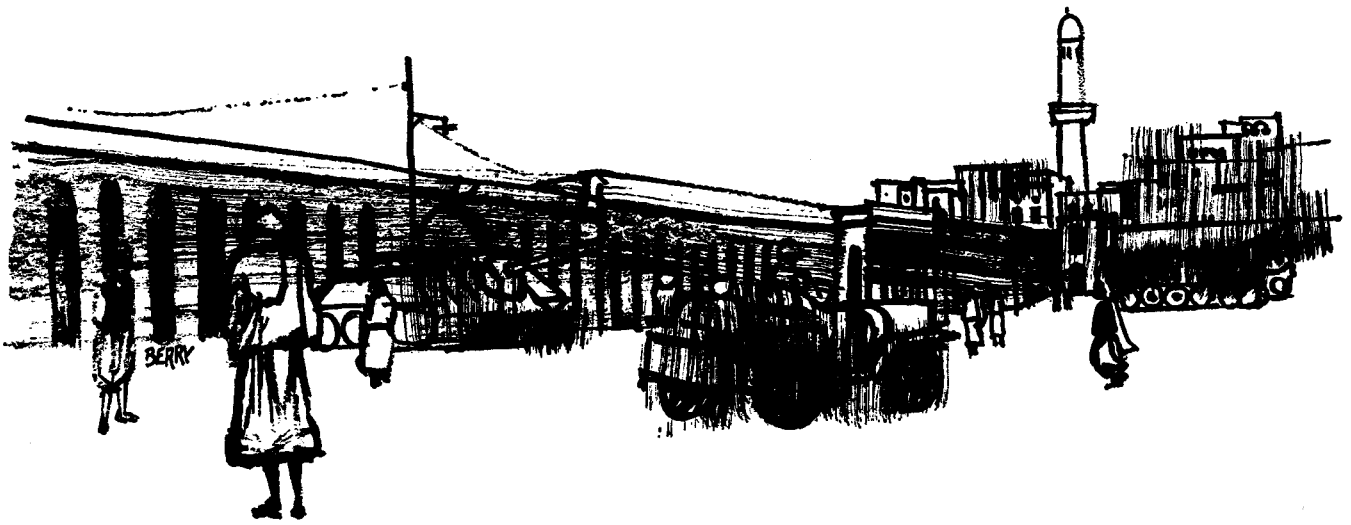

Our Yemen Policy: Pursuit of a Mirage

PHILIP HORTON

On the night of September 26, 1962, a palace coup took place in the remote city of Sana, the capital of the kingdom of Yemen. The royal government of Imam al-Badr was ousted in favor of a junta headed by Brigadier Abdullah Sallal, former chief of the palace guard. With the immediate arrival in Yemen of Egyptian troops and Soviet-provided equipment, the implications were clear enough to most of our friends and allies in the Middle East. The Iranian view, for instance, conveyed to the State Department as early as October 9, was that President Nasser's ultimate objective was to gain control of Saudi oil in order to establish his independence of the United States and be free to collaborate with the Soviet Union.

Yet on December 19, after two and a half months of hesitation and uncertainty, Washington recognized the Nasserite republican government. Since then, what had seemingly begun as a peripheral civil war has become a war by proxy between Egypt and Saudi Arabia, which in turn has threatened the security of the Arabian Peninsula and the West's strategic lifelines to the Indian Ocean, brought Soviet combat missions into play against our major Arab ally in the area, and, finally, raised serious doubts about the good faith of our government.

In recent months sharp and angry questions about the failure of our policy have been raised on the floor of Congress, but the answers supplied by administration officials were more notable for muddled rationalization than for clear and persuasive reasoning. One congressman who had tried to get some light on our Yemen policy in the course of the House hearings on foreign aid said, "I have never heard so much double talk in all my life."

The simple fact is that double talk has been the order of the day in Washington ever since the State Department recognized Sallal's republican régime. Why, then, was recognition granted when it was, and over the strong opposition of almost every U.S. ally in the Middle East and Europe? Why did the State Department feel that it was in the interests of the U.S. to support Nasser's Pan-Arab imperialism, particularly since this aspect of Nasser's policy has always been sedulously encouraged by the Soviet Union? Why—and this is the question most often asked by critics of our Yemen policy both within and without the administration—did the administration feel that it had to make a decision to recognize instead of watching and waiting to see just which way the struggle in Yemen was going?

Among the first answers given was that of course it was the fault of Chester Bowles. This accusation was given wide circulation, and a number of papers carried a report blaming Bowles (who was charged with similar mistakes in other appointments) for having named John Badeau, an eminent supporter of Nasser's Pan-Arabism, as U.S. ambassador in Cairo.

There can be no question about Ambassador Badeau's sympathetic attitude toward Nasser and Arab nationalism. As former president of the American University in Cairo and later of the Near East Foundation, he had developed a deep attachment to the cause of Egypt's betterment. "Egypt," he wrote in 1959 in his introduction to Nasser's *The Philosophy of the Revolution,* "has rapidly emerged as the dominant influence in the Arab world, and its revolution has spilled over the Nile Valley to become the 'wave of the future' in adjacent lands." Within a few days after the Yemen coup and before Washington had even had a chance to sort out just what was happening, Ambassador Badeau received the foreign minister of the new revolution-

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ary government, Mohsin al-Aini, in Cairo. Thereafter, he continued to argue vigorously for recognition of the new régime, backed up throughout by the reports of Robert W. Stookey, the U.S. chargé d'affaires in Yemen.

In Washington, apart from the general support of the National Estimates Board of CIA and the Policy Planning Council at the State Department, the Yemen policy was thought to be largely the handiwork of Robert C. Strong, then director of the Office of Near Eastern Affairs under Assistant Secretary of State Phillips Talbot, and of Robert Komer, a New Frontiersman of CIA background who handles Middle East problems on Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy's staff. In recent months, however, a kind of reverse competition has set in, with everyone remotely involved struggling for a lower place on the totem pole of responsibility. As Bundy put it, with a smile, to an inquiring critic: "When the news from the Yemen is good, it's Komer's war; when it's bad, it's Talbot's." From now on, however—war, peace, or stalemate—the troubles in Yemen are the responsibility of the U.N.; as has happened before with Washington policies that have misfired, the U.N. was persuaded to pick up the pieces.

Breaking with Britain

Most critics of the Yemen policy inside or outside the administration are convinced that the most basic mistake was the underlying assumption that the republican coup represented a revolution against "the notoriously despotic" rule of the Imams and a "yearning for Arab unity" and social reform. This in turn led the policymakers to overlook or at least badly underrate the most important single fact about Yemen—its physical location.

The map (see page 31) tells much of the story. Situated near the southwestern corner of the Arabian Peninsula, Yemen to the north and east borders on the great desert reaches of Saudi Arabia. To the south it faces on the South Arab Federation and the Aden Protectorate, both British-controlled, as well as Aden Colony, which, next to Singapore, is now the most important outpost of British power, sheltering both the world's greatest bunkering port and the headquarters of the British Middle East Command. Yemen, in short, is a natural back door to the Arabian Peninsula, itself a prize of incalculable value, which since 1945 has produced for the West 1,000 billion barrels of oil, contributed a billion dollars of revenue to Great Britain and the United States last year alone, and provides, via the Dhahran and Aden bases, indispensable defense links by air and sea to the Indian Ocean and Southeast Asia.

To define the peninsula's strategic and economic value to the West is *a fortiori* to describe Nasser's ambition to take it over, not to mention Moscow's desire to help him do so. What makes Yemen a logical starting point for Nasser is the fact that of all the countries of the peninsula it is the only one not under some form of British or U.S. protection. Since the Second World War, in fact, Anglo-American hegemony has sealed the peninsula off from the disorders that have beset the rest of the Middle East and provided the one element of relative stability in the area. One would think it would be a cardinal objective of U.S. policy to keep it that way. "You will see," said one Middle East diplomat; "by parting ways with the British over your Yemen policy and backing Nasser's adventure there, you have pried the lid off Pandora's box. The big question now is—will you ever be able to clamp it back on again?"

THE BRITISH, remembering Nasser's frequent promises to drive "the forces of reaction and imperialism" out of the Peninsula, stuck to their decision to withhold recognition of the Yemeni republicans, despite reportedly heavy pressure from Washington. Most of the Middle Eastern governments, fearful of any new Nasserite aggression, were also deeply troubled by the appearance in Yemen of Soviet combat personnel early last October and by evidence of close coordination betwen Moscow and Cairo in the stepped-up delivery of TU-16 bombers, which were immediately pressed into service in the fighting. The strongest opposition, however, came naturally enough from Saudi Arabia's Prince Faisal, who had been summoned home from New York, where as foreign minister he headed the Saudi U.N. delegation, to take over the reins of government in Riyadh. In a series of meetings in Washington in the first weeks of October, including a private lunch with the President, Faisal agreed to initiate badly needed reforms in his own country. In return, he warned his listeners against the great dangers of Nasser's military adventures in Yemen and urged them to persuade Nasser to cease his aggressions against Saudi Arabia.

On his return to New York and on the eve of his departure, Faisal was dismayed to learn from an old American friend that the State Department had the impression from these talks that Faisal had agreed to seek a détente with Nasser in the interest of securing the safety of his country and his régime. This, he said, was impossible: "It would be like giving someone a sleeping pill when a murderer was after his life." Furthermore, he could not consider cutting off support of the Yemeni royalists, who were the legitimate government in Yemen and with whom he had treaty ties.

The policymakers stuck stubbornly

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to their course. Their line of argument, however, seemed at times to suggest that they were taking their cue from Nasser himself, who in the January, 1955, issue of *Foreign Affairs* had written: "There would not be any Communist infiltration in any part of the Middle East and Africa if the United States could develop a courageous policy—and the only morally correct one—of supporting those who are anxious to get rid of foreign domination and exploitation."

These ideas had won Nasser a limited hearing in the early years of the Eisenhower administration, but it was not until the arrival of the New Frontier that he had a real chance to sell his "philosophy" to Washington. According to reliable diplomatic sources in the capital, Nasser's ambassador to Washington, Mostafa Kamel, on one of his first visits to the White House suggested to President Kennedy that Nasser would greatly welcome a direct exchange of views, an initiative that led to an extensive personal correspondence between the two leaders. The first exchange took place in the early spring of 1961, before the President undertook, in a series of letters to the heads of all the Middle East governments, to convey the substance of the policies he intended to pursue in that part of the world. Though couched in the most general terms, the import of these letters seemed fairly clear to those on the receiving end: U.S. support for broad social reform, for movements toward Arab unity, and for the untrammeled independence of the Arab nations. As one senior Arab diplomat recently put it, perhaps with the benefit of hindsight, "The heart of Washington's Middle East policy to us seemed to be that in return for recognizing the absolute U.S. commitment to the security of Israel, Nasser was given more or less a free hand to pursue his ambitions in the Arab world."

Thereafter President Kennedy continued to take a direct personal interest in the problems of the area and, after last September, in the Yemen war in particular, which clearly threatened to expose his Middle East policy to an embarrassing test. Toward the end of November, after the Egyptians had already indicated an interest in reaching some kind of settlement in Yemen that would secure their interests, the President dispatched personal messages to the leaders involved—Prince Faisal, King Hussein of Jordan, Nasser, and Sallal. The texts of the messages were never released, but, according to the New York *Times*, they "proposed as a first step that Egyptian troops withdraw from the republican side in Yemen and that Saudi Arabia and Jordan halt material support of the royalist cause." The implication was that U.S. recognition of the republican régime would then be in order.

Recognizing the Puppet

By mid-December the State Department had two further reasons to rush through recognition of the new Yemeni government. One was to secure and increase the "American presence" in the country in order to counter the growing number of

Prince Faisal

Soviet personnel, many of whom were already serving as crew members in the Egyptian bombing raids against Saudi and royalist bases. The other consideration, more important by far, was the mounting evidence that the war in Yemen was not going well for Nasser. A long dispatch in the London *Times* of December 21, for instance, written by a British M.P. who had just returned from a fortnight in Yemen, noted a "universal hatred of the Egyptians" and concluded that without Egyptian aid, "Sallal would not survive more than a few days against the forces of the Imam."

The fear in Washington was that further progress by the royalists would bring a still heavier build-up of Egyptian forces in Yemen, with the possibility that if things continued to go badly, Nasser might, in a desperate effort to save face, plunge into an all-out war against Saudi Arabia and thus present the White House with a painful dilemma: to turn against Nasser or to betray our commitments to the Saudis. The solution put forward by Washington, as foreshadowed by the President's November letters, was U.S. mediation or, more accurately, a swap: U.S. recognition of Nasser's puppet régime in return *not* for an accomplished and verified withdrawal of Egyptian forces from Yemen, as Prince Faisal finally urged, but simply for Nasser's *promise* to withdraw under conditions he has been amending and reinterpreting ever since. This left the State Department with the sticky task of proving that the Sallal government qualified for recognition.

The "internationally accepted" criteria that had to be met before recognition could be granted to the new republican government were that it be in effective control of the country and the machinery of state; that it have the general support of the people; and that it demonstrate its willingness to honor its international obligations—most particularly to live at peace with its neighbors.

By mid-December, on the eve of recognition, there was ample reason to doubt that the republican government could meet any of these criteria. Most of the leaders of the new government had come out of the "Free Yemen" group that Nasser has supported in Cairo in recent years. One of the first to arrive, the very day after the coup, was Abdul Rahman al-Baidani, who on becoming vice-president broadcast an announcement to the tribal leaders that if Sallal could be called the

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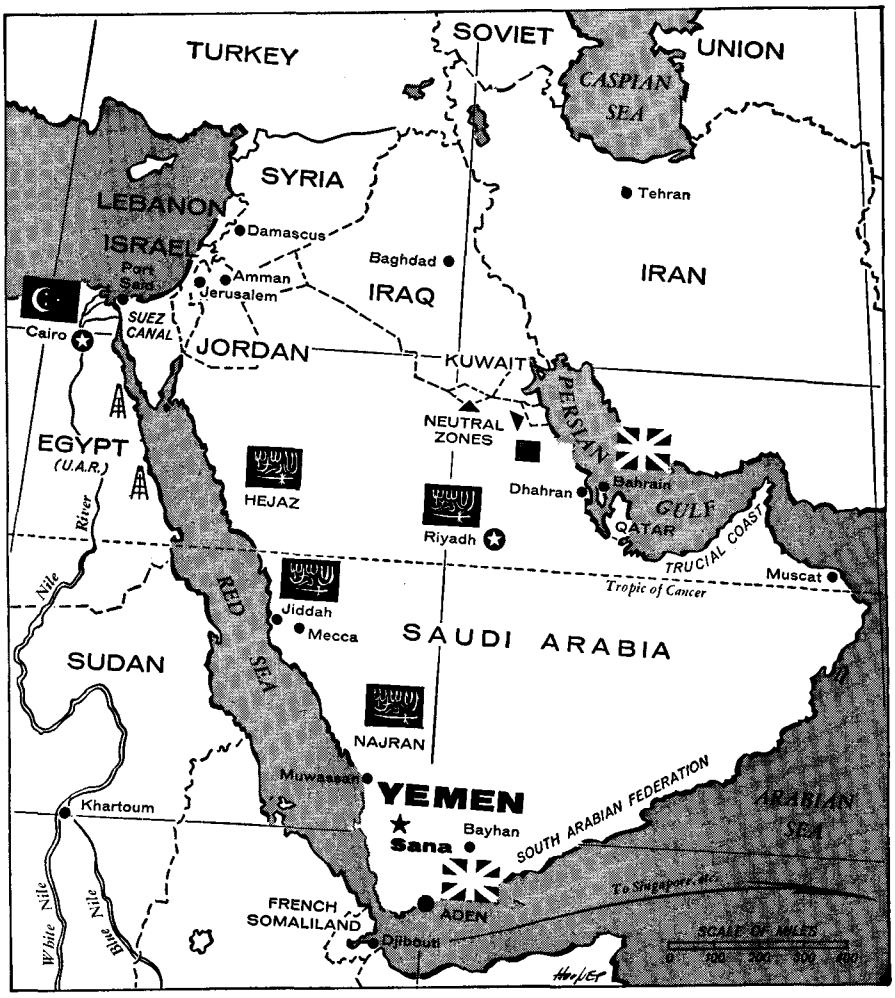
Naguib of the revolution, he himself, in effect, was its Nasser. Baidani, who was born in Cairo of an Egyptian mother and an Indian father and who has at various periods held both Egyptian and Yemeni citizenship, played his role to the hilt. Apart from persuading Sallal to "reinforce" key Yemeni garrisons with Egyptian forces in greatly superior numbers, he also succeeded in purging from the new cabinet the three or four officers known to be nationalists, including the defense minister, Mahmoud el-Jaifi, who was sent off to Cairo as ambassador. With Baidani running short of further targets, Sallal soon found it prudent to get rid of him, and in January, 1963, he relieved him of his portfolios and sent him packing back to Cairo under military escort. By late summer Baidani showed up in Aden, where he seemed to be playing a different kind of game which led the Sallal government to revoke his Yemeni citizenship on August 29 and denounce him as "an imperialist stooge . . . an impostor . . . and a dangerous spy." By late September, according to the New York *Times*, he was back in Cairo, this time in jail for interrogation.



As for effective control of the country, the size of the Egyptian force provided a kind of answer. By mid-November these forces in Yemen reportedly numbered at least six thousand; by mid-December, on the eve of U.S. recognition, twelve to fourteen thousand; and by late spring—and despite the Egyptian promise of withdrawal that recognition was supposed to secure—reached a peak strength of 28,000 men. Their Soviet-made armament was impressive, and included medium and heavy tanks, infantry carriers, some Ilyushin-28 bombers, two squadrons of MIG-21s, and two squadrons of TU-16 medium bombers. All together it was the largest military operation in the Middle East since Suez and, according to testimony by Senator Jacob Javits before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was costing Nasser upward of $500,000 a day.

Its sheer weight and size, in a small and sparsely settled country, made it look more like an army of occupation than an expeditionary force, especially since in the early weeks of the fighting there were no comparable enemy forces in sight. According to the best military intelligence available, neither Jordan nor Saudi Arabia ever had more than a hundred or so officers and advisers assigned to the royalists, while the tribes under the Imam at that time were still scattered and badly organized. More significant, however, is the fact that at no time since the coup has the republican Yemeni army numbered more than 3,500 combat soldiers.

EARLY in November the first open attacks on Saudi territory were launched, culminating on November 5 in a fourteen-hour bombardment by sea and air of the Saudi port of Muwassan on the Red Sea. From the Saudi capital of Riyadh, Prince Faisal, noting that the attacking units "were Egyptian because Yemen has neither aircraft nor a navy," broke off relations with Cairo.

Washington's response was the hasty dispatch to Riyadh of a number of F-100s described as a "good will" mission and the arrival of a U.S. destroyer in the port of Jiddah. As a reminder to Nasser of U.S. commitments to Saudi Arabia, the gesture fell short of the mark. In a letter of December 18 an oil executive, with excellent sources of information in the Middle East, summed up the situation on the eve of recognition as follows: "The Egyptians apparently have decided to accept phased withdrawal of some kind. Yemen, however, has refused to give guarantees to respect its international obligations to stop attacking Saudi Arabia—and to stop threatening the position of Aden Colony and the protectorates. Just recently Sallal has even been throwing up roadblocks to the American plan for recognition. He has just made a speech giving the Americans 'one last chance' to extend the recognition he wants on his own terms."

In the same speech, Sallal declared: "We celebrate the birth of the greater Arab Republic which will inevitably be brought about and emerge and follow the Yemeni revo-

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lution. . . . We are celebrating the birth of the Republic which will sweep away his [Saud's] kingdom . . . and furthermore annihilate the royal Saudi family . . ."

The speech was delivered on December 14 and broadcast over the Sana radio. Five days later the State Department announced that it had recognized the republican government, noting that Sallal had undertaken "to honor all treaties concluded by previous Yemeni governments." According to the New York *Times* of December 20, the Department said that "recognition had become possible because of two developments in the last twenty-four hours." The first was the declaration by the Sallal government that it would honor its international obligations—which as a matter of record included treaties of amity and nonaggression with the Aden Protectorate and Saudi governments. The second was Nasser's last-minute assurance that he "would withdraw the twelve thousand Egyptian troops now serving the Republican cause in the Yemen."

Sallal Shows His Hand

Through the winter months and on into the spring and summer, the State Department continued to argue that recognition of the Sallal régime had been a sound decision. In late July, in reply to an angry letter from Senator Bourke Hickenlooper charging failure of the recognition policy, Assistant Secretary Talbot declared: "We realized that only by recognizing the régime could we play a useful role in preventing an escalation of the Yemen conflict causing even more foreign interference and placing in serious jeopardy major U.S. economic and security interests in the Arabian Peninsula."

Almost the very opposite was true. In the months following recognition the total Egyptian forces in Yemen rose from sixteen thousand to an estimated 28,000, while Soviet and Soviet-bloc personnel increased from less than one hundred just before the coup (under the old Imam, who died just a few days before the Sallal coup, their number had reached a peak of five to six hundred and then declined) to something upwards of fifteen hundred by latest estimates. The American presence, of such deep concern to the State Department as a counter to growing Soviet influence, has remained less than one hundred persons.

The U.S. decision also sharply reduced the leverage Washington could have exercised on Nasser through its aid program, which provides a third of Egypt's food. It eliminated the possibility of any official U.S. negotiations with the royalist government to seek a peaceful compromise between the two factions. Finally, on the international scale, recognition was widely interpreted in Middle Eastern countries, Arab and non-Arab alike, as a U.S. acknowledgment of Nasser's right to pursue his ambitions and his "philosophy of revolution" by sending a large expeditionary force into a neighboring country.

The most embarrassing evidence of just how bad a bargain Washington had made began to appear in the days immediately following recognition. On December 20 Sallal gave an interview in Sana to a correspondent of *Pravda* in which, far from expressing any gratitude for U.S. recognition, he attacked Washington for supporting Saudi and Jordanian attempts to put down his revolution. "I advise the American people," he declared, "to demand an account from their leaders . . . for their reckless policy, which is followed by the rest of the western world on every point." On December 23, by way of counterpoint, Nasser delivered a speech at Port Saïd declaring that his troops were engaged in a "sacred battle" in Yemen and that "Saud and Hussein will have their Sallals just as the Imam did." For good measure he went on to denounce Great Britain and promised to liberate Aden and the Protectorate. Then it was Sallal's turn once more. On December 27 he boasted that he now had modern rockets which he was prepared to use against Saudi Arabia and Jordan. Addressing himself to the Arab monarchs, he went on to declare that his régime was "building an army strong enough to liberate the entire Arabian Peninsula . . ."

These words were quickly followed by action. For three days, beginning December 30, Ilyushin-28 bombers carried out heavy raids into Saudi territory directed against Najran, the major transit area for Saudi arms and supplies for the Yemeni royalist forces. Sharp protests from Riyadh and Washington had no effect, and a week later, on January 7, Najran suffered another bomber attack that lasted throughout the day.

THIS TIME Prince Faisal did not wait for Washington's reaction. Deeply angered not only by Egypt's latest aggression but also by Washington's failure to take a more vigorous stand, Faisal decided to release to the world the text of President Kennedy's letter to him of October 25 assuring him of "full U.S. support for the maintenance of Saudi Arabia's integrity," together with his own reply. The first broadcast of the letter went out over the Mecca radio in the late afternoon on January 7. There was little the White House could do but follow suit. The following day the President, without referring to Faisal's move, also made the letter public. The Washington *Post* headlined its report "Kennedy Reveals Support of Faisal."

Given the timing of the release, one passage of the letter in particular must have made curious reading to the Arab world. "I am fully aware," wrote the President, "that in order to accomplish your goals [of modernization and reform] you must have the requisite tranquillity

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—an atmosphere devoid of recriminations and instigations from within or without. I share your concern at the tensions which prevail in the area and which hamper your design to strengthen the fabric of government and society in Saudi Arabia. As I indicated to you in Washington, the United States desires to be helpful in finding means of reducing these tensions."

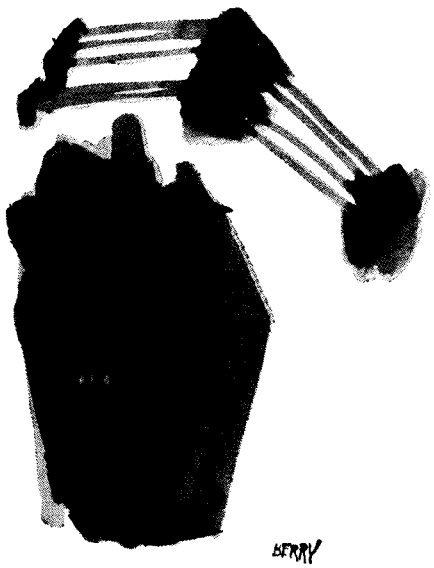
With its left hand, it seemed, Washington had committed itself to defending Saudi Arabia against aggression. With its right hand it had just endorsed a government and a program of conspiracy clearly directed against the stability and security of the Arabian Peninsula.

Just one day later, on January 9, in a major speech at Aswan, Nasser declared, "We had to back the Yemeni revolution from the first day and the first moment," and launched into his usual threats against the Saudi government. But this time he also had some embarrassing and humiliating words for Washington. "Last December," he stated, "we said that we were willing to withdraw our forces from the Yemen under conditions . . . Of course some people now forget the conditions and say the U.A.R. had said it would withdraw when the U.S. extends recognition. We said we were willing to withdraw our forces by stages when the Saudis and Jordanians withdraw from the border regions which they use as bases for aggression, when outside aggression has also ended and when aid is stopped to the deposed royal family and also when outside interference from Bayhan [in the British Protectorate] stops." In short, he was demanding that the Saudis evacuate their own territory. The proposition was in the best Nasser style.

Passing the Buck

The U.S. proposal for disengagement, as originally put forward in the President's letters of late November, clearly called for the U.N. to play a supporting role, if and when necessary. Although the U.N., which had recognized the republican government one day after the United States had, was not markedly eager to take over the burden, pressure from Washington prevailed. In the closing days of February, Dr. Ralph Bunche, Under Secretary for Special Political Affairs in the Secretariat, was dispatched to the Middle East on a "fact-finding" mission.

At about the same time, Washington was mounting a parallel drive to expedite the U.N. intervention. In early March it assigned the task to Ellsworth Bunker, a former ambassador to India who had also performed a similar service for the administration in maneuvering the Dutch New Guinea crisis into the hands of the U.N. As special envoy of the President, Bunker, after two or three weeks of secret and separate talks with Nasser, Faisal, and Sallal but not with the Yemeni royalists, obtained their agreement to a plan for phased Egyptian withdrawal tied to cessation of Saudi aid to the royalists. This set of proposals



King Saud

he quickly brought to U Thant at the U.N. According to *Newsweek*, in the course of his talks he told Faisal: "We have no policy to deal with Nasser or any other leader in the Near East as a chosen instrument of U.S. policy. We do not think Nasser is the wave of the future . . . I may say also that the President is aware of and intends to block Nasser's adventures." From Nasser he won a pledge to refrain from making further "inflammatory speeches" and from both parties a promise to cooperate with any effort the U.N. might make to check on the progress of disengagement.

On April 8, accordingly, a draft of the agreement was initialed at the U.N. by the contracting parties. On April 29, in a report to the Security Council, U Thant formally announced the disengagement agreement, carefully underlining the role of the Bunker mission, from which "emerged the agreed terms of disengagement." At the close of his report U Thant also declared his intention to send a U.N. observer team to Yemen to keep tabs on how well the contracting parties were keeping their promises.

Neither Washington nor the U.N. was particularly pleased by their joint handiwork. One high U.N. official, unwilling to criticize his own organization, nonetheless made his point by remarking that the Bunker agreement was completely "weasel-worded" and full of holes. Indeed, the heavy pressure Washington now brought on U Thant to get his observer mission into Yemen as quickly as possible was a tacit recognition of how little confidence the State Department had in the agreement.

In the earliest days of May, President Nasser started to withdraw his forces, it is true. But the ships and planes that ferried the battle-worn troops back to Egypt invariably returned in systematic rotation to Yemen loaded with fresh replacements. He had not, it appeared, in any way changed his objective. On May 20, in a speech to honor some of the returning veterans, he declared that his troops would remain in Yemen until the hour of "victory." A few days later General Anwar Qadi, commander of the Egyptian expeditionary force, declared that Egypt's task in Yemen might take five years and would consist "first, of securing the revolution completely and, second, of working on creating a sound Yemeni national army." Both the fact and the rationale of rotation were in clear violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the U.N. agreement; but in the opinion of administration officials who were queried by the press there was nothing to be done about it—except, of course, to protest to Cairo and appeal to the U.N. to hasten the dispatch of its observer mission. Meanwhile they continued to hope for the best. On April 29, the very day U Thant announced the disen-

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gagement agreement, James Grant, Assistant Secretary Talbot's deputy, had assured the House Foreign Affairs Committee that "we expect the Egyptian Army to start its withdrawal in a matter of a relatively few days." A month later, Secretary Rusk declared he expected the disengagement to "become fully effected . . . in the very few next days." By the end of July, Talbot seemed less certain about the matter: ". . . we are satisfied that the Saudis have terminated their assistance . . . and are hopeful the U.A.R. will fulfill its part of the agreement."

Of all those concerned, perhaps only Nasser was really pleased by the disengagement agreement. For one thing, it laid down no deadlines for withdrawal. This omission, coupled with the fact, as U Thant put it in a later report to the Security Council, "that fulfillment by one side is contingent on fulfillment by the other," provided a self-renewing invitation to delay and evasion. Another feature of the agreement that worked to Nasser's advantage, at least for a time, is that it was never agreed to or signed by the royalists. This omission, which reflected Washington's long-standing conviction that the royalist forces were of no account and that the real danger lay in all-out war between the U.A.R. and Saudi Arabia, has had several important consequences. It meant that the second largest fighting force in Yemen remains free to do as it pleases. So long as Nasser wants to remain in Yemen, it provides him with an ideal excuse: the right of self-defense against attacking forces that are not bound by the disengagement agreement. In trying to deal with this sticky aspect of the problem in his reply to Senator Hickenlooper's angry letter, Talbot was once more forced to resort to dubious rationalization. "The U.A.R.," he wrote, "is not prohibited by the disengagement agreement from fighting tribes who continue to operate against the Central Government. However, the agreement does prohibit punitive attacks against tribes on the basis of resistance mounted before the agreement went fully into effect." (He was referring, of course, to the forces which U.N. documents designate as "Royalists.") In a later passage, by way of clarification he added: "In other words, the U.A.R. wants to withdraw its troops from Yemen. Its delay in doing so appears to result, therefore, not from any lack of desire. Rather it seems to flow from the continuance of tribal guerrilla warfare in the Yemen highlands and perhaps also from the multiplicity of problems facing the new government."

Neglect of the royalists also posed embarrassing problems for the U.N. Important sectors of the proposed U.N. buffer zone along the Saudi-Yemeni border, from which all military forces and equipment were to be excluded, had been under royalist control from the earliest days of the fighting. How, then, could General Carl von Horn, the Swedish chief of the U.N. observer mission,

send his men into these areas? He had no mandate to back him. Rather, it appeared, the contrary. In late August he resigned his U.N. post in anger and frustration, with sweeping charges of gross incompetence and moral cowardice against U.N. headquarters. At the same time, he also declared to a correspondent of the London *Observer* that he had been "expressly forbidden to make contact with the Royalists or even to acknowledge receipt of their letters . . ."

In the report U Thant was obliged to make to the Security Council on September 4 at the end of the mission's first two-month tour of duty, he freely admitted the failure of the mission: ". . . it cannot be said at this stage that encouraging progress has been made toward effective implementation of the disengagement agreement. . . . No plan for phased withdrawal of U.A.R. troops has been received." Nonetheless he asked for and received permission to continnue the observer mission for another two months, i.e., until November 4, with the U.A.R. and Saudi Arabia once more agreeing to pay the costs.

The Training-Mission Gambit

By the end of September, with the disengagement agreement largely discredited, other solutions came up for speculation, including the possibility of extending the U.N. role to a peacemaking mission and even the chance that the two Yemeni factions will reach a compromise.

Although Washington policymakers are keeping an eye on these alternatives, publicly they still cling to their original scheme: in some way to salvage the republican government. It is hard to imagine just how this could be achieved unless some means could be found for getting Nasser out of Yemen while keeping him in. For some months there have been passing references in the press to plans for an Egyptian "training mission" which, after Nasser had fulfilled his pledge to withdraw his forces, would help create a strong republican army in Yemen. Although no such training mission is provided for by the U.N. agreement, it was, said a White House official, "part of the Bunker agreement. Bunker discussed it with both Nasser and Faisal. He made it clear that the United States naturally did not expect the U.A.R. to cease all support to the republicans after its withdrawal. It was only reasonable that Nasser would want to give them a certain amount of financial and technical assistance—and of course a training mission to help build up their army." In private discussions, State Department estimates of the size of the training mission have ranged from two thousand to at least one mention of five thousand men. At the maximum figure, this would mean that Egyptian forces in Yemen would outnumber the present republican army by almost half.

In what is probably the only mention of the training mission in official documents of public record, the ill-starred Talbot letter to Senator Hickenlooper, there is this passing reference: "In view of the sustained

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Communist interest and activity in Yemen, the most probable alternative to a republican régime beset by tribal anarchy and without U.A.R. help at least in the form of a military training mission would be one with a Communist coloration heavily dependent on Soviet support."

The State Department is, in effect, proposing for Yemen a kind of U.S. "presence" by proxy. The Egyptian proxy, however, is known to be wholly dependent in turn on Soviet arms, with all that means in terms of potential leverage from Moscow, and furthermore is itself being trained by the Russians. The important question would seem to be just who is training whom and for what purpose.

To be sure, the State Department and Pentagon are also considering a U.S. training mission for Yemen. If and when approved, it would consist of three to five republican Yemeni officers who would be brought to the U.S. for language courses, general orientation, and some military training. The total cost of the mission would not exceed $15,000.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT has repeatedly declared that the United States has three "essential concerns" in Yemen: first, to protect Egypt's neighbors, in particular Saudi Arabia, from the dangers of a spreading conflict—which is to say from Egypt's ambitions beyond Yemen; second, to prevent the Soviet bloc from developing "a predominant position" in Yemen; and third, to encourage "a relatively stable and independent" Yemen. As the record shows, the administration's policy has gone a long way toward securing the reverse of these objectives.

In a dispatch from the Yemeni capital on September 12, Dana Adams Schmidt, Middle East correspondent for the New York *Times*, wrote: "Departure of the Egyptians from Yemen seems remote. Cairo's burden of maintaining soldiers and planes in Yemen is heavy, but it is not unbearable so long as Western and Soviet-bloc aid to the U.A.R. continues." Thus the fundamental question arises, as it does in other sectors of U.S. foreign policy, whether in Yemen and the U.A.R. we are competing with the Soviet Union or working with it against ourselves.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Peru's New Politics: The Hit-or-Miss Approach

GLADYS DELMAS

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS of Peruvian President Fernando Belaúnde Terry on July 28 was impassioned oratory but political improvisation. He launched new ideas right and left: the first municipal elections in half a century to be held within ninety days (for technical reasons, they will not be held before the end of the year); public meetings to arbitrate the emotion-packed question of the title to the oil fields of the International Petroleum Company (the meetings are private); an inter-American credit institute so that Latin-American governments could guarantee each other's bonds (this idea died on the vine).

Nevertheless, the new president's style has pleased Peruvians. Belaúnde's popularity is probably greater today than at the moment of the elections in June, when, in coalition with the Christian Democrats and a few splinter leftist parties, his Popular Action Party won only slightly more than the necessary third of the votes. "This promises to be the best government we've had in fifty years," a young businessman who had not voted for him said to me. Of course, there is relief that after a year of military government the country is back on a constitutional basis. More important is the exhilaration that things are moving at last in this country where, to an even greater extent than elsewhere in Latin America, the social pattern is feudal and the business pattern that of nineteenth-century *laissez faire*. Even those most attached to the status quo—the great landholders, the bankers, the mining interests—seem willing, for the moment at least, to bow before the fresh breezes. The center of controversy has moved: it is no longer the need for change that is in dispute, but Belaúnde's somewhat hit-or-miss methods.

IT IS THIS very heterodoxy, however, that has permitted the president to bring together many scattered impulses toward reform. It explains his present superiority over the APRA

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(American Popular Revolutionary Alliance), his chief opposition and the oldest, best-organized, and most coherent of the non-Communist Left parties in South America. Apristas have been preaching reform for thirty years, often from jail, sometimes from exile, and, during the last administration of President Manuel Prado (1956-1962), from a sort of limbo known as *convivencia* or "living together." APRA, however, as the instrument of class struggle in a highly class-conscious country, has inspired more hate than love. "People didn't so much vote for Belaúnde as they voted against APRA," I was told; and my middle-class informant added, "APRA is still not quite respectable—it's too Indian."

Although not particularly wealthy himself, Belaúnde, an architect, belongs by birth to the upper class. Thus unhampered either by social stigma or a rigid ideology, the president has been promulgating new measures thick and fast. One of them has met with almost universal approval. This ended an archaic privilege of the great banking families by nationalizing Peru's private tax-collecting agency, established in 1905 by the leading commercial banks to act as trustee for government revenue already pledged to foreign creditors in Peru's then bankrupt state. It charged a fee for its services; sometimes it lent the government, at interest, taxes that had already been collected. When it tried this with Belaúnde, the ax fell in a matter of hours.

On the same day, August 9, another decree lifted all import duties on cement, to counter an announcement by local manufacturers of a rise in price. Both of these spur-of-the-moment decisions served notice that this was a government that recognized no sacred cows.

Latifundistas and Indians

It is in the field of agrarian reform that Belaúnde's action has been the most drastic. Only a few years ago the very phrase was anathema among Peru's ruling families. Pedro Beltrán, premier under President Prado, was the first to attempt agrarian reform, but his 1960 bill (which never came to a vote) was chiefly concerned with improving yields, opening up virgin lands on the eastern Andean slopes, and preventing future additions to the great estates. The division of existing ones was not mentioned, even though this is the touchstone of all reform in a country beset by the twin evils of large estates run by absentee landlords and small plots scratched by teeming, undernourished families.

Belaúnde's first measure was a palliative, designed to deal with the immediate problem of squatters. For years, particularly in the highlands, groups of Indians have invaded remote and undeveloped estates, driving their scrawny herds before them, planting small Peruvian flags, and staking out homesteads with the meager building materials at hand. Under Prado, such invasions were repelled by force and often with bloodshed. Belaúnde's solution was simply to expropriate the invaded land and some more besides for a total of 185,000 acres, in favor of the neighboring Indian communities. These properties had been under litigation for years as communal lands of the Indian communities, which under the constitution may not be alienated. The present owners, however, particularly the Cerro de Pasco Corporation, which owns twenty-five per cent of the lands expropriated, maintain that their titles are legal: all of Peru once belonged to the Indians, say the landholders, so by this criterion there is no clear title even to the Presidential Palace in Lima.

The expropriation decree has not halted the invasions. Indeed, some Peruvians feel that by sanctioning illegal acts the decree has encouraged them. But the government, in a further attempt to halt invasions, felt obliged to give notice that future squatters would find themselves last on the list in the redistribution of land under the agrarian-reform program.

However disturbing the continuing invasions, there is as yet no evidence of a concerted campaign. There is no Zapata, as in the Mexican revolution, raising the cry of "Land and Liberty!" at the head of an armed horde. The invasions rather resembled a natural phenomenon, like a landslide, the result of the country's appalling geography, which provides less than half an acre of arable land per capita. This geography also provides insurance against a revolutionary campaign: each small valley is isolated by tremendous mountain barriers. And the whole highland region between the Andean chains, where the population pressure is greatest and misery deepest, is walled off from the rich coast by the arid, desolate Western Cordillera.

ALTHOUGH the first expropriation decree was only a palliative, the government's agrarian-reform bill, sent to congress on August 12, goes to the heart of the matter. This is the most radical program short of revolution yet to be presented in the hemisphere. It states outright that all land is subject to expropriation except that directly worked by the owners up to a maximum of 375 acres of irrigated land, or fifteen thousand of dry pasture in the high Andes. Payment is promised in government bonds at five per cent, maturing in twenty years, on an evaluation based on the average yield of the previous five years "without taking into consideration speculative values of any sort." The new owners will repay the government in "installments over a period of not less than twenty years" and will be charged two per cent interest on a price based on an estimate of the land's potential. Preference is to be given to the establishment of family-type farms, but where conditions favor industrial agriculture, co-operatives are contemplated. The Indian communities are to retain their ancient communal system. The reform is to proceed by zones, the zone affected to be announced by government decree.

The Sociedad Agraria, the powerful landlords' club, immediately took two full pages in Lima newspapers to blast Belaúnde's proposal. They were all in favor of agrarian reform, they said, but this one was unconstitutional (because of deferred payment); impractical (small farms could not produce as efficiently as big ones, and the big farm owners would immediately cease any new investment with the threat of expropriation hanging over their heads); and anti-labor (what would happen to the accumulated benefits of union members employed on the big plantations when employees became

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owners?). They even shed a tear for the widows and orphans who would lose their rented properties. They querulously complained that the bill goes farther than Belaúnde's own campaign promises.

Less biased critics challenge the bill on more solid ground. In the first place, where is the money to come from? Even granting the passage of a constitutional amendment to permit payment in long-term bonds, the amounts involved are enormous. U.S. policy is to refuse loans for the payment of expropriated land, so this solution cannot be resorted to. Even in the tremendously inflated budget for 1964, agriculture is allotted less than $27 million, as compared with more than $100 million for the armed forces and half as much again for the federal police. Since the redistribution of land, if it is to be legal, must therefore proceed slowly, why upset at a blow the whole structure of property rights?

The greatest population pressure, as the invasions show, is in the highlands. There agriculture is also most backward; land is still scratched with a wooden plow; fertilizer, improved seeds, and insecticides are almost unknown. The workers are little better than serfs, under the rule of a *mayordomo* barely less ignorant than themselves. None of Peru's complex social and labor legislation has any force. Medieval forms of punishment still prevail; Lima newspapers recently carried the story of a recalcitrant Indian who was punished by having his hand cut off. It is not unknown for parents to "sell" their children to cancel a debt. On the vast, remote haciendas there are no schools, no medical care, no escape from the slavery of ancient customs.

Merely to liberate these people from the tyranny of the landlord is not to solve their problem. They must be brought into the modern world not only technically but also humanly and socially. The experiment originated by Cornell anthropologists on the Vicos hacienda some ten years ago shows that this can be done in a remarkably short time. But to mount a program like Vicos on a significant scale would require a vast army of trained people—many more than Peru could begin to provide. Agricultural reform in the highlands will thus require a great deal more than a favorable vote in congress or the return by presidential decree of some scattered communal lands. The danger here, say Belaúnde's critics, is that the destruction of the old order without adequate machinery to replace it with something workable may simply produce chaos.

The Price of 'Efficiency'

The situation on the coast is completely different. There on the great irrigated plantations blooming in the desert, where Peru produces its valuable export crops—sugar, cotton, and coffee—most agriculture is modern and industrialized. Vice-President Edgardo Seoane, who is in charge of agrarian reform, has reassured the owners that these properties will not be affected at present, but he is suggesting a share-the-profits program and worker participation in management. Even this is probably more than most owners can stomach.

When I visited one of the largest sugar plantations in the world a few years ago, it was entirely surrounded by barbed wire, with armed guards at the gates. I was laughingly told beforehand that I would need a passport to enter. Most of these enterprises have now been unionized, sometimes after bloody battles, and wages approach a dollar a day. But they remain little private kingdoms, with as many as ten thousand workers, plus their families, living on a single estate. There are towns, but they have no legal status; the stores are company stores. The best estates provide decent housing, health centers, nurseries, and schools. It is enlightened paternalism but hardly democracy. No one can hope to own his own home or to take part in civic affairs; even his comings and goings are strictly controlled.

Granted all this, say Belaúnde's critics, is it advisable to upset the structure of these prosperous enterprises? Peruvians are very sensitive about their balance of payments and the stability of the sol. "If we diminish our foreign-exchange resources," they say, "where will we find the money for our development plans?"

It thus appears very unlikely, even in the present atmosphere of change, that Belaúnde's agrarian reform measures will pass congress without serious modification. Belaúnde does not have a majority in either house. Former dictator Manuel Odría's Unión Nacional Party, which as much as any speaks for the landlords, has taken a constitutional position: no expropriation without immediate payment—tantamount to rejecting the whole idea. Even APRA has grave doubts about it, on the ground that it is not sufficiently discriminating, and therefore difficult to administer. After having talked reform for thirty years and been roundly denounced as Bolshevik for it, APRA is disconcerted to find that Belaúnde has stolen its thunder. In opposition it can do little but display sweet reasonableness, a frustrating stance for revolutionaries.

Nevertheless this bill, by its radical sweep, has placed the issue glaringly before Peruvians. It is no longer possible to talk about agrarian reform simply in terms of "the other side of the mountain"—the perennial colonization plans for the eastern Andean slopes that Beltrán assiduously peddled as a remedy for Peru's land hunger. Belaúnde too is eager to open up that rich

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unexploited region; his pet project is for a great highway down the inner spine of the continent from Ecuador to Argentina. But the tremendous novelty of his bill lies in its separation of the two approaches; it tries first to right present injustice and does not simply tell the landless to go somewhere else.

THE QUESTION ARISES, of course, whether those who have most to lose by reform will once again resort to force to prevent it. At the moment the danger appears remote for several reasons. The first is the new political alignment in Peru. Of the three major parties, only Odría's Unión Nacional represents the old-time combination of oligarchs and the leaderless poor behind a strong man. The other two, Belaúnde's Acción Popular and the APRA, are both democratically minded and bent on reform. Acción Popular may have been formed with anti-Aprismo as its chief cohesive force; its program nevertheless is largely inspired by APRA. The chasm between the two is due above all to differences of personality, style, and social background. "If Belaúnde were threatened," a leading Aprista said to me, "we would jump to his defense. We'll have no more dictatorships in Peru."

Furthermore, it is unlikely that the military would intervene to prevent reform. In Peru the armed forces are not the expression of the upper class. An army career is one of the surest avenues of social mobility open to lower- and middle-class Peruvians. Although there is a feud of extraordinary intensity between military and APRA stemming from armed uprisings in 1932 and 1948, the armed forces today are sincerely concerned about social reform. Some observers note a Nasserite-nationalist tendency among some groups that might eventually lead them to further adventures, but at present they are pleased with themselves for having held successful elections (with APRA losing) and for having returned the government to civilian control as promised.

There is a remote danger that Belaúnde's vast promises may arouse too many hopes that cannot be fulfilled, and that the flood of accumulated grievances may become unmanageable. Then the armed forces might intervene "to restore law and order." Anti-reform elements, indeed, may be trying to provoke such incidents.

Who Is Using Whom?

The immediate threat is more insidious; it derives from the official encouragement of the Communist attempt to capture the labor unions. The labor movement in Peru is overwhelmingly Aprista; Belaúnde has no strength there at all, and the deficiency rankles. Since the only people who have any training and experience in labor matters, outside of APRA circles, are the Communists and a few Christian Democrats, the simplest way to break APRA's power is to use the Communists.

This maneuver has been tried before: by Odría during his dictatorship; by President Prado, who delivered the powerful bank clerks' union into Communist hands by granting a Communist splinter group concessions he had refused the Apristas; and more recently by the military junta. In October, 1962, the junta encouraged the Communists, although legally outlawed, to issue a call for a national congress of labor unions to "revindicate" the leadership of the APRA-dominated CTP (Confederation of Peruvian Workers). The congress fizzled as a mass gathering, but out of it grew a parallel organization, entirely Communist-dominated, calling itself the Committee for the Reorganization and Unification of the CTP. This committee has consistently enjoyed the favors of the labor ministry, both under the military junta and the present government.

On September 2, the CTP called a general strike to protest a five-month lockout in a large ceramics factory, the dilatoriness of the labor ministry in dealing with it, and the shooting of an invader on one of the expropriated haciendas. The previous general strike, called by APRA labor leaders to protest the military take-over in July, 1962, had failed because, it was said, its purpose was purely political. This time the CTP ostensibly had a labor issue, even if a minor one. The real issue, which it dared not spell out, was to show the hostile labor ministry that it was a force to be reckoned with. Immediately, however, the Communist committee jumped in with a similar strike call: if the strike were a success, the CTP could not take all the credit.

The plot was thicker than that, however. At midnight before the strike, Labor Minister Miguel Cussianovich received the Communist committee and settled the lockout by decree. The CTP was out on a limb but maintained the strike call, naturally with small success. Several businessmen said this was the first time in their lives they were sorry to see a strike fail.

The government strategy, of course, is simply to use the Communists. Belaúnde welcomed their support in his election, although he says he did not ask for it. It is true that in the distribution of offices he has not rewarded any well-known Communists. It is also true, however, that in university elections throughout the country his Acción Popular is throwing its votes to the Communists, thus giving them control of these traditionally APRA strongholds. The Communists are not numerically strong in Peru. But Communists at the head of the unions and the student federations multiply their strength a thousandfold.

Happily, the Communists themselves are divided into various factions. The Russian-Chinese split is felt acutely here. Trotskyites, who are relatively strong, are showing marked sympathy for the Chinese faction.

IN SPITE OF all the recent alarms and excursions, the business climate remains remarkably steady, the soil firm, and the growth rate one of the highest in Latin America—an estimated 9.8 per cent for this year. But real economic progress will depend on the integration of the unproductive fifty-six per cent of the Peruvians whose income is no more than $80 a year. The modern sector —some five million people at the most—is simply too small to support even light industry on economic terms, and only industry can eventually provide jobs for the increasing landless multitude.

Belaúnde's sympathy and enthusiasm have been useful in dramatizing these problems. What is more difficult is to channel this fresh current of good will and to sustain it.

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What de Gaulle Actually Said About Vietnam

BERNARD FALL

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE is used to being misunderstood by those to whom he directs his more Delphic remarks, and he is particularly used to being misunderstood by Washington. Indeed, there are times when one almost suspects he likes being misunderstood by Washington. The evidence is increasing that this is more or less what happened in the wake of de Gaulle's recent affirmation of France's abiding interest in the ultimate independence—"independence vis-à-vis the outside," as he put it—of all of Vietnam, North and South. These remarks prompted considerable wringing of hands in Washington (even though Walter Lippmann thought that de Gaulle was right if he meant what Lippmann thought he meant), and many seemed to feel that his remarks were meant as merely a nettlesome intrusion into United States policy in Southeast Asia. As usual, almost everybody was wrong.

The original version of the statement in question was drawn up in August, just after the Buddhist riots had begun in Hué and Saigon and while the French foreign ministry was working with a skeleton vacation-time staff. At de Gaulle's request, the ministry of foreign affairs had drawn up a short note on the subject of Vietnam. Most foreign-ministry aides seemed to feel that what was going on in Vietnam was far, far away, and that anyway for once it was something happening not to the French but to somebody else. Thus the original note hardly went beyond voicing pious hopes about religious tolerance, phrased in terms that were considerably weaker than the Pope's statement on the same subject.

At the Elysée, one of de Gaulle's civilian aides redrafted the note for his chief, but still without going much beyond the Quai d'Orsay draft. The new version was submitted to de Gaulle after his return from his mid-August vacation and disappeared from view until the president himself brought it up at the council of ministers on August 29, after Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville had made his oral report on recent developments in Vietnam. The text which de Gaulle then read was a radical departure from the Quai d'Orsay draft, with perhaps the sole exception of its initial phrases referring to the "attention and emotion" with which "Paris views the grave events in Vietnam."

THE OPERATIVE paragraphs, which President Kennedy considered sufficiently disturbing to repeat four weeks later on the occasion of the departure of General Maxwell D. Taylor and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara for Vietnam, were entirely in de Gaulle's own hand:

". . . France's knowledge of the valor of the [Vietnamese] people permits her to discern the role they could play in Asia's present situation, for their own progress and to the benefit of international understanding; as soon as they could deploy their activity in independence vis-à-vis the outside, in peace and unity at home, and in concord with their neighbors.

"That is what France wishes, more than ever today, to all of Vietnam. It naturally is up to the [Vietnamese] people themselves, and to themselves alone, to choose the means of arriving [at that result], but any national effort undertaken by Vietnam with that aim will find France ready, within the means at its disposal, to enter into cordial co-operation with that country."

The statement, read to the assembled journalists at the end of the council meeting by Information Minister Alain Peyrefitte, had the effect of a brick in a bird bath. Yet it needs to be examined coolly to understand de Gaulle's meaning.

He wants Vietnam to be reunified in independence. That is a wish that every western statesman trots out whenever he visits a divided country like Germany, Korea, and Vietnam, or a city like Berlin. It is, in fact, an explicit long-range aim of western policy, and the price of reunification will in all likelihood be non-adherence to any bloc, as in Austria, for example, or nominally in Laos. In the case of Vietnam (as well as of Germany) such reunification would actually be dangerous to world peace if the reunified country, far stronger regionally than its neighbors, were to embark upon a policy of nationalistic revanchism. For Vietnam, that would mean starting where it left off when the French arrived in 1858: gobbling up and destroying Cambodia and Laos, presumably in collusion with Thailand.

According to de Gaulle's statement, Vietnamese independence should be arrived at by means chosen by the Vietnamese people themselves, and by "themselves alone." Any "national" effort, i.e., by the Vietnamese nation *as a whole,* would find France willing to give such support as it can afford. This kind of vague promise is hardly designed to commit France to immediate action in the Far East. It simply says that if by some unspecified miracle the Vietnamese arrive at reunification—a reunification in which both America and the Sino-Soviets would lose their most obvious reasons for continuing to pay the lavish bills of their respective Vietnamese client governments—France would be willing to take up, as far as possible, the slack of the transitional crisis. In quite a few cases where Russia or the United States or France, for one reason or another, cut a particular country off its payroll, another country (or the United Nations) paid the most urgent bills until an equilibrium of sorts was established. That was about all there was to the de Gaulle statement.

Poor Homework

It was downright amusing to see the bewilderment on the faces of French officialdom in Paris as the storm broke. Washington went into a flap and spoke unofficially but loudly of yet another "de Gaulle betrayal" of the West in general and the United States in particular. French Ambassador Hervé Alphand was hastily summoned to the State Depar-

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ment and met with Secretary Rusk for more than an hour. His subsequent statement, which stuck pretty closely to the text (always a sound policy when one tries to interpret Gaullist prose), obviously convinced no one, least of all the White House, which seems to have written off de Gaulle as Public Enemy No. 1. The American press, on cue, took up the cudgels to transform that two-hundred-word statement into an explicit bid for a French take-over in Indo-China, preferably in collusion with Hanoi, to make the treachery even blacker.

Interviewed by Walter Cronkite on a CBS television program on Labor Day, President Kennedy voiced this reaction to the de Gaulle statement on Vietnam: ". . . it was an impression of his general view, but he doesn't have any forces there or any program of economic assistance, so while these expressions are welcome, the burden is carried, as it usually is, by the United States and the people there. . . . What, of course, makes Americans somewhat impatient is that after carrying this load for eighteen years, we are glad to get counsel, but we would like a little more assistance, real assistance . . ."

The words clearly showed how poorly the President's entourage had done his homework for him. The flat assertion that the French do not have any program of economic assistance in Vietnam is simply incorrect. Furthermore, it clearly shows that, on a public level at least, the White House still does not know who exactly has a stake in Vietnam, and for what reason.

In Paris, Mr. Kennedy's statement was received with a shrug. "Obviously, the Americans haven't understood, or they don't choose to understand," was the reaction of a seasoned newspaperman from *Le Monde*. That paper and Agence France Presse had spelled out the French stake in South Vietnam: about 17,500 French citizens still live there, 6,000 of whom are French-born, the others being of Asian, Eurasian, Indian, or African origin; French investments in the country, including important rubber plantations, total close to $500 million; and there is a fairly sizable French economic and cultural-aid program.

In terms of actual dollar expenditures, French aid is not large, but it affects some politically important sectors. There are more than 340 French teachers in Vietnam. They are to be found from grade school to the university level, but are concentrated above all in the *lycées*, where tomorrow's elite is being trained. Close to thirty thousand Vietnamese children go to schools staffed and paid for by the French cultural mission, and more Vietnamese are now passing the difficult French baccalaureate examinations than at any time during the colonial period. But French economic aid is also felt in another key sector: agrarian reform. By a convention signed on September 10, 1958, France agreed to advance funds to Vietnam for the repurchase of more than half a million acres of French-owned rice land. This permitted the Diem régime to redistribute land free to the farmers without having to resort to the expropriation of land belonging to the Vietnamese landlords, many of whom were high officials in the régime. The French also financed the only working coal mine in South Vietnam, the only indigenous source of fuel; and they donated diesel locomotives for Vietnam's battered railroads.

BUT THERE is an even more important field in which France plays a key role, and that is Vietnam's trade. It is perhaps one of the unique tragedies of that poor country that it is more dependent now on France's taking its export products than at any time during the colonial era. The following table shows the whole grim problem at a glance:

	1939	*1956*	*1962*
Exports to, % of total:			
France	32.2	67.5	42.0
U.S.	12.0	18.1	4.3
Imports from, % of total:			
France	55.7	24.5	11.8
U.S.	4.2	28.0	37.0

France has been displaced in the import field, since imports now are financed by American aid; but in the export field few others but the French, who are used to them, seem to be willing to take Vietnamese goods. This French magnanimity is easily explained: rubber, which in 1939 represented a healthy 21.4 per cent of all Vietnamese exports, now represents an unhealthy one-crop 89.6 per cent—and the rubber is produced largely by the huge French plantations. Like their counterparts in Malaya in the 1950's, French rubber planters are paying a heavy toll in lives and treasure to the insurgents. There is not one plantation that has not been attacked or partly pillaged several times by the Viet Cong during the past five years, and which has not seen several of its French personnel kidnapped and held for ransom or killed. During the Indo-China war, the plantations had been allowed to arm themselves and maintained militia forces at their own expense. When Ngo Dinh Diem came to power he ordered all plantations disarmed and they thus became military liabilities.

The plantation managers now keep in business by closing their eyes to the Viet Cong emissaries who come to the workers' villages and exact tribute; they silently pay millions of piastres of ransom to the Viet Cong—and as much again to bribe South Vietnamese authorities to allow them to operate. Here and there, the Saigon-controlled press announces that a French plantation was fined tens of millions of piastres (a million dollars or more) for "economic violations." Everybody knows what that means, and business goes on as usual.

Those Frenchmen and their property are hostages to both sides in South Vietnam's messy war. A brief visit to the Syndicat des Planteurs de Caoutchouc in Paris gives an eloquent picture of what this means: "It means," says one of the officials, "that we are being told by the Viet Cong that if we don't co-operate, our trees will be slashed and personnel killed. And when we do pay our 'blood money,' the government's district chief comes and fines us exactly the same amount. There will come the day when the whole damned thing simply becomes too expensive to carry on, and we'll all go home, and Vietnam's last economic mainstay will collapse. After all, should the Americans pull out tomorrow, they'll simply create a beachhead around Saigon and fly out their military personnel and few local residents. But our seventeen thousand Frenchmen are spread out all over the country and there'll be a blood bath like back in 1945 when the Viet-

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minh took over, or in 1960 in the Congo."

It is obvious, then, that renewed French preoccupations with Vietnam stem from reasons that are more realistic than the desire to nettle the young men in Washington while their policies are in disarray.

By Nhu out of Alsop

But that first row had barely simmered down when its second round broke out from a not entirely unexpected quarter. Joseph Alsop, who for the past five years has been a self-appointed spokesman for the Ngo Dinh Diem view of the outside world, arrived in time in Saigon to discover evidence of "ugly stuff," to which he gave maximum play in his syndicated column of September 18. Further embroidering on the theme of de Gaulle's alleged desire to inherit the Vietnamese mess, Alsop interviewed Ngo Dinh Nhu and came away with the following intelligence, all directly gathered from the lips of Diem's official political adviser, head of the secret police, and chief anti-American:

¶ The French representative in North Vietnam, Jacques de Buzon, had seen Nhu together with French Ambassador Lalouette and had brought him an offer from Ho Chi Minh to negotiate—presumably via the French and behind the back of the United States.

¶ The Polish member of the Indian-Canadian-Polish International Control Commission (ICC) in Vietnam had come to see Nhu at Lalouette's behest with a message from North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong.

¶ Nhu had not even told his brother Diem of all this for fear of causing "a stir."

The reaction in France was immediate. To the French, who know of Alsop's close relations with President Diem, this seemed one more deliberate attempt to blame the "French colonialists" for everything that was going wrong in Vietnam. Officially, the Quai d'Orsay simply said the article "does not even merit a denial." Unofficially, however, the following facts soon came to light:

¶ De Buzon, who had taken over his job in Hanoi only very recently, had never been to Saigon at all, as the flight records of the ICC aircraft testify, and there is no other way of getting from Hanoi to Saigon except by rowboat across the seventeenth parallel along the coast of the South China Sea.

¶ The Polish ICC member, after years of being snubbed, had suddenly been invited to Diem's receptions —a fact which American newsmen had reported. Lalouette had never presented the Pole to Nhu.

¶ As noted in the semi-official *La Nation*, the newspaper of de Gaulle's UNR party, if Nhu wanted to keep the whole thing a secret from his brother, why did he give the story to Alsop to plaster all over the world?

What had happened is that Nhu cleverly used Alsop to strengthen his own bargaining position in his life-and-death struggle with the United States. This was obvious from August 31, when Saigon almost immediately hailed the de Gaulle statement as "not being critical of our

position" and chose to interpret Diem's resistance to American demands for reform as an aspect of its own policy of struggle for "external independence." Nhu sought (and still seeks) to bolster the myth that he has two fallback positions: if the Americans let him down, he can always turn to the French; and if *they* let him down, he can always make a deal with Hanoi where, he says, he and his brother are greatly admired.

Alsop realized that he was out on a limb; in his next column he backtracked by giving the world a description of the Gia-Long Palace in Saigon (where the Ngo Dinhs hide from their people) which resembled H. R. Trevor-Roper's description of Hitler's bunker in its last days, and which makes both Diem and Nhu look like paranoiacs. But having said that Nhu's egotism goes "beyond normal vanity" and that Diem has "lost his ability to see events or problems in their true proportions," Alsop nevertheless returns to his *idée fixe* that Paris has nothing else in mind or in store for Saigon but a "Communist take-over . . . by courtesy of the French."

IT IS CERTAIN that de Gaulle, and for that matter any Frenchman seriously concerned with Southeast Asia, is less than happy with the way things have been going in South Vietnam of late—but this is a view that many Americans share with them, including some leading personages in Washington. The real problem (beyond the extremely serious one of emotional overreaction in Washington whenever the name "de Gaulle" comes up) is that nothing better than "swimming with Diem" —and Nhu, of course—has been proposed anywhere. As a consequence, French Ambassador Lalouette was placed in the strange position of apparently lecturing newly arrived U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge on the merits of the present Saigon rulers. In 1955, the French tried to get rid of Diem; they got thrown out of Vietnam for their pains and have not forgotten the lesson.

Alsop's suggestion of French negotiations on behalf of Hanoi might be an interesting, even a clever idea. But, as I was able to judge there for myself, de Buzon's predecessors in Hanoi were, in the words of Georges Chaffard in *Le Monde* of September 3, "filled with a visceral hatred of all that was Communist." They were not even received by Hanoi's top leaders, let alone used as messengers for negotiations. The French have no illusions about what their role would be in a reunified Vietnam dominated by Hanoi: almost all their properties in North Vietnam, worth close to $1 billion, have been confiscated, all their missionaries were expelled, and for the privilege of being able to maintain two teachers of French and one school administrator at one *lycée*, they must pay for the upkeep of the whole establishment. French trade with North Vietnam is $2 million a year; with South Vietnam it is far greater.

On the whole, it seems difficult thus far to ascribe much more to de Gaulle's statement than an understandable desire to be heard on an issue in which the French feel, rightly or wrongly, that they may once more become the scapegoats; or, worse, the victims.

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A Dean Departs from Ole Miss

REESE CLEGHORN

THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI has the only fully accredited law school in the state, and consequently it is the alma mater of a preponderance of Mississippi's judges, prosecutors, and small-town leaders. Since 1946 the dean of the Ole Miss law school has been Robert J. Farley, a tall, straight man whose dignity is not lessened by his wry wit. Ole Miss was a home to Dean Farley long before he came to the law faculty. He attended the university as both undergraduate and law student; his father was dean of the law school; a forebear was in the first law class more than a century ago; and his wife was a campus beauty, chosen "Miss Ole Miss."

After graduation from law school, Farley was a school principal briefly. Then he practiced law in Oxford, serving as mayor while a young man. In 1931 he went to Yale as a Sterling Fellow, earning both a doctorate in jurisprudence and the respect of such eminent professors as Thurman Arnold, who remembers his keenness of intellect. He taught law for three years at the University of Mississippi and then went to Tulane, where he became dean *pro tem* of the law school. He had to take a sizable cut in salary to return to Ole Miss, but as with some others in the faculty, the appeal of this campus and this messily elegant little town was great.

Though he looks much younger, Farley reaches the retirement age of sixty-five in December. Deans must leave their administrative positions at that age, but they customarily are permitted to become professors with year-to-year extensions for some time thereafter. Dean Farley informed the university administration that he wanted to continue to teach. The administration told him, however, that he could not expect to do that. The State College Board, he learned, would not readily extend his time.

Under these circumstances, Farley asked those members of the State College Board who were his friends not to make a fight for an extension. He said later, "My staying on would bring on a fight, and I don't think there is anything to be gained by it for the university." Since the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school desegregation, he went on, some of the law-faculty members had been under attack because "we taught what we thought the law is." He elaborated on some of the difficulties that have faced faculty members, and then he told his friends he had agreed to go on teaching law, at the University of Florida.

THE MOST RECENT acts by Dean Farley that might have perturbed some members of the college board were in connection with the admission of the university's second known Negro student. (The word "known" is essential: a Negro named Harry Murphy attended Ole Miss undetected two decades ago, and the dean himself has told of a light-skinned Negro who once attended the law school.) The second known Negro was twenty-one-year-old Cleve McDowell, who enrolled in the law school on June 5. McDowell has recently been expelled because he was caught carrying a pistol in his pocket, but at the time of his enrollment he said that he did not encounter so much as "even one rude remark."

When Farley received McDowell's application, he reported it to the Association of American Law Schools with the observation that McDowell would be processed and admitted if found qualified. He was so found, and it seems certain that the university did not try evasion in his case largely because the Law Schools Association was ready to revoke accreditation. This byplay is typical of Farley's efforts in the past to buttress the law school against some of its own trustees and a few of its ultra-segregationist alumni. Once before, when a law-faculty member was being threatened with dismissal because of accusations brought against him by members of the Citizens Councils, a report had been made to the Law Schools Association and to the American Bar Association. Accreditation by these organizations is essential for a law school, and both began to look into the case. Farley was asked who had reported Ole Miss. "I reported us," he said matter-of-factly. Farley the complainant was obliged with a warning to Farley the dean. "They took the attitude that it was possible the trustees didn't understand the gravity of their actions and if it were explained and they knew accreditation was at stake, they might do something about it," he said. The warning to the trustees did, in fact, have a sobering influence.

FARLEY has frequently criticized the Mississippi bar for failure to meet its responsibility. He has traveled about speaking to bar associations, delivering his message in not always professorial terms. He has asserted that since the Supreme Court school decision, lawyers have been leaving it to the Citizens Councils to say what the law is.

But Farley has worked to save a law school, not to integrate it; he has tried to preserve the carefully cultivated quality of a small faculty, not to revolutionize the state. His methods have been those of personal and private persuasion, and now his own fate—and that of like-thinking colleagues among the some fifty full-time faculty members who have recently left the university—is the greatest reason for moderate Mississippians to question his restraint. Some people think that, despite all its power, the Citizens Councils might have been hard pressed in a fight with Farley. "He could have come closer than anyone these days to winning against them," a friend said. "He is loved by many former students in important places." Farley did not mention these friends in saying he did not want to contest his retirement, but he is said to have had their welfare as well as the university's in mind.

"When Farley talks in terms of what is best for the university," a colleague of many years' close association remarked not long ago, "not a man doubts that he means what he says and his own interests are not in his mind. Abandoning him is the most shameful act I have known on this campus."

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The Speaker Vs. the 'Hard-Liners'

MILTON VIORST

WASHINGTON

SINCE THE Rules Committee holds life-or-death control over nearly all legislative activity in the House, its membership is naturally a matter of lively interest at the White House. The next vacancy, it is generally understood, has been promised by Speaker John McCormack to Representative John Young, a Democrat from Texas. The Young appointment has been the subject of bitter controversy since President Kennedy created the vacancy last July by naming Representative Homer Thornberry of Texas to a Federal judgeship. Thornberry had been one of the reliable members of the President's tenuous Rules Committee majority, created by the barest of margins in January, 1961, only after Sam Rayburn had won a bitter battle on the House floor to increase committee membership from twelve to fifteen. It seemed odd, to say the least, that Rayburn's successor, less than three years later, would agree to throw away the fruits of that hard-won victory by selecting as the swing vote on the committee a man with a spotty record of administration support. Young has voted against the administration on creating an Urban Affairs Department, on public works, college grants, and even foreign aid.

But the move is consistent with McCormack's philosophy of running the House. To him, legislative achievement is a function of party unity. Like Rayburn, who abhorred intraparty squabbling, he rejects the view that the breach between North and South among House Democrats is irreparable. To McCormack, every Southern vote saved is a triumph, even if the price is a concession made elsewhere. But a growing number of Northern Democrats challenge this view. Men like Richard Bolling of Missouri, Frank Thompson, Jr., of New Jersey, John A. Blatnik of Minnesota, Chet Holifield of California, Neil Staebler and James G. O'Hara of Michigan, and Morris K. Udall of Arizona are well aware that Northern Democrats lack at least sixty votes for a majority in the 435-man House, but they do not agree that the way to make up the deficit is to reward Southern dissidents in the hope of making them less dissident. They would, so far as possible, deprive unreliable Southerners of positions of power. Particularly as the civil-rights issue becomes ever more dominant, they are convinced that unity with the Southerners is impossible, and their objective is to reform the power structure in Congress to make the majority wing of the Democratic Party a more forceful legislative instrument.

THE Kennedy administration has consistently sided with McCormack and his tactics of expediency. The President supported Rayburn's plan to pack the Rules Committee without ever seriously suggesting a more fundamental reform. Presumably Mr. Kennedy had to give Thornberry his judgeship, since it would have been bad politics to deprive him of it on the basis that he was too loyal to lose. The President did delay the impact of Thornberry's departure by persuading him to stay on the job until the conclusion of the current session of Congress. But that has apparently been the extent of his intervention.

"The White House pursues lazy politics, the short-cut method," one of the key Northern Democrats in the House has said. "This 'quick manipulation' technique will pay off now and then but it's a shortsighted way, if you'll pardon the expression, to get the country moving again."

Abandoned by the White House, loyal supporters like Bolling, Blatnik, and Thompson have had to fight on alone, with little prospect of success. To be sure, their uncompromising doctrine is in itself unattractive in a body that lives by the motto "To get along, go along." What's more, under McCormack as under Rayburn, power in the House is so concentrated that potential rebels have little to offer to potential followers.

When Rayburn died, there was a moment of hope that some exponent of the hard-line doctrine might win a place in the leadership circle. Bolling, the logical challenger, knew that McCormack's services to his fellow House members over the years had made him impregnable, so he announced his candidacy for Majority Leader, the second spot. But Bolling could not get the South, and his opponent, Carl Albert of Oklahoma, could depend on McCormack's ties with the big-city machine leaders such as Keogh of New York, Green of Philadelphia, and O'Brien of Chicago. The President made no move in Bolling's behalf, and so the insurgent movement collapsed.

The Loss of Landrum

McCormack has not been able to suppress an undercurrent of dissatisfaction within the Northern wing of his party, however. Rather ineptly, he let himself be outmaneuvered by Southerners who packed the District of Columbia Committee to give racial considerations high priority in the management of the city's affairs. He has been hesitant in putting pressure on committee chairmen to speed action on administration proposals. On the other

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hand, he has allowed the House to string out deliberations on the most routine bills, presumably in an effort to manufacture a sense of urgency in an atmosphere of lethargy.

Dissatisfaction burst to the surface in January when McCormack announced that Phil Landrum, a conservative Georgian, had his endorsement for one of the two vacancies on the Ways and Means Committee, where a single vote might be decisive not only on the President's tax proposals but also on his medicare bill, which a small majority had blocked for two years. In defense, McCormack displayed Landrum's promise not to be an obstructionist. The Georgian had, after all, reversed his voting pattern during the previous few months to ally himself with the administration. Furthermore, the entire Georgia delegation had, without fanfare, been supporting many of the President's measures for some time. To McCormack, this was dramatic vindication of his legislative policies. He was convinced that he had to encourage this tendency by showing Landrum and Georgia some tangible appreciation for their support.

The "hard-liners," outraged at the prospect of adding an unreliable Southerner to the committee, chose to fight. The terrain was favorable because Landrum had to win on a secret ballot in the party caucus, where cautious members could defy McCormack with impunity. When the votes were counted, a majority of Democrats had voted against the Georgian and elected W. Pat Jennings of Virginia, another Southerner but one whose record was much more attractive to Northern Democrats. Many believe that the margin of victory was provided by Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, chairman of the Rules Committee and the symbol of Southern conservatism, who persuaded a bloc of his supporters to vote against Georgia in revenge for its recent voting record, especially on the matter of continuing the temporary enlargement of the Rules Committee. Landrum's defeat was thus a loss for McCormack but not much of a victory for his party rivals. It did not intimidate the Speaker from making known that Young was his choice to replace Thornberry.

Northern Democrats needed no computer to recognize that one more conservative vote on the Rules Committee, added to the seven already there, would not only shift the balance in the committee but could very well restore conservative domination of the House. Even McCormack, sensitive as he is to his record of accomplishment as Speaker, would not find this to his liking. But he has been maintaining in private conversations that Representative Young has promised solemnly not to be an obstacle to the administration. The Speaker has also insisted that the vacant seat belongs to Texas by tradition, although a check of Rules Committee history discloses that of the last nine appointments, seven have involved changes of state. He has not been swayed when it was pointed out that such populous states as Michigan, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Pennsylvania are not represented on the Rules Committee, while five of the ten Democratic seats are held by Southerners. When reminded of the Landrum incident, McCormack replied that the Ways and Means Committee is the province of the caucus, while filling Rules Committee vacancies is the prerogative of the Speaker. And as more and more Northern Democrats called to protest, the more determined McCormack seemed to go through with the Young appointment.

The Eyes of Texas

Why is the Speaker so adamant? Never having committed himself publicly, he could still withdraw, if necessary by promising Texas the next vacant seat. If party unity is his objective, why should he make a move so certain to enrage Northern liberals in the House?

One explanation is that pressure has been applied by Lyndon Johnson, who needs a show of strength to maintain his prestige with the party organization at home, where he has been accused of selling out to the North. The Texas delegation has insisted on the appointment. Moreover, there would seem to be a distinct possibility that his state's electoral votes may be crucial in the 1964 election. Johnson has personally assured McCormack and others of Young's future fidelity. Though the Vice-President does not often ask for favors in the House, when he does it is understood that he has good reason and it is expected that the Speaker will do his best to comply.

It has also been said that McCormack wants to bolster the strength of the alliance between conservatives and Catholics on the Rules Committee, which has so far succeeded in blocking any aid-to-education bills that favor public over parochial schools. Young, like McCormack, is a Catholic. This explanation becomes more plausible in the context of the disclosure by James J. Delaney of New York, the acknowledged representative of the Catholic bloc on the Rules Committee, that he intends to retire soon because of a painful arthritic condition. Still, McCormack probably could choose a Northern Catholic who would support the administration on everything except on the issue of parochial schools.

Since Young's candidacy became known, the leaders among the liberal "hard-liners" have met time and again in an attempt to devise a strategy to counter the Speaker's intentions. They could bring the dispute before the Democratic caucus, which theoretically possesses the power to decide on such matters. They could gamble that the Speaker, whose stock in trade is unity, would not risk a divisive fight over Young. But McCormack, indignant over their defiance, has said he would turn the issue into a vote of confidence, which he would be certain to win. In the last analysis, it would be a suicidal fight for both sides. The only winners would be the Republicans and anti-administration Democrats.

"McCormack knows he can treat us with indifference and can get away with it. We'll always vote with the administration," one angry liberal leader has said. "He knows he can't treat Texas that way. Texas has developed the use of its votes to the fine art of blackmail.

"The explanation of the Young appointment," he continued, "is that this is an administration that responds to pressure from its enemies rather than support of its friends. This might help pass a bill. It will only destroy a program."

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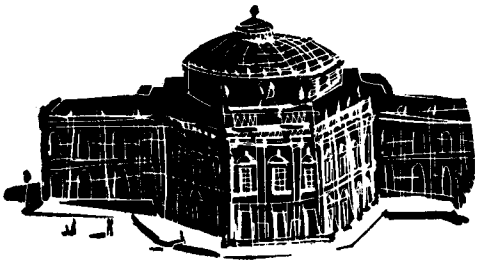

Is Austria Here to Stay?

GEORGE BAILEY

VIENNA

A VERY OLD JOKE has it that while the situation in Berlin is serious but not hopeless, the situation in Vienna is hopeless but not serious. The joke has recently been rewritten, and the newest version, an Austrian one, says that the situation in Vienna is ridiculous but not funny. This re-evaluation was prompted at least in part by a monarchist-republican row that is almost Balkan, both in tactics and flavor.

In May, 1961, Dr. Otto Habsburg, eldest son of Charles I, the last emperor of Austria-Hungary, signed a declaration renouncing his titles as head of the house of Habsburg-Lothringen and all sovereign claims devolving from it and proclaiming his loyalty as a citizen of the Republic of Austria. (Archduke Otto von Habsburg had become a citizen of Austria in 1956; he was then issued a passport stamped with the strange notation that it is valid for travel in all countries *except* Austria.) In June, 1961, the Austrian chancellor, Dr. Alfons Gorbach, presented the declaration to his cabinet with the recommendation that it be accepted. Inevitably, however, the cabinet—which is neatly divided between Conservatives (People's Party) and Socialists—split down the middle on the issue and could reach no decision. The question was, in effect: is no decision a negative decision? or, can indecision in any way be decisive? The Austrians are still arguing this one.

Meanwhile, Otto's case bounced in and out of almost every court in the land. Finally, the Administrative High Court took action, ruling that the ban on Dr. Habsburg be lifted.

The moment the court's decision was made public early this year, the minister of the interior (a Socialist) closed the border to the successful petitioner. In retaliation, a ranking member of the Conservative Party suggested that Habsburg be flown into Vienna and be protected against the police by the army (the minister of defense is a Conservative). This and similar suggestions back and forth fostered some not too serious talk of civil war. The parliamentary debate that followed deteriorated into a fatuous running squabble that lasted several weeks and ended with a resolution declaring Otto unwanted, which nevertheless did not overrule the court's decision and only made matters more confused.

In the end every Austrian political party—even the minuscule Communist Party—tried hard to use the *causa Habsburg* for its own purposes in one way or another. But if the Habsburg issue was revived in Austria only as a red herring, it was a herring the size of Moby Dick. It served to conceal issues that are staggering in their immensity and ramifications, issues that directly involve not only the entire structure and function of the economy but also the national concept of jurisprudence, the country's peculiar political philosophy, and finally the Austrian "art of gracious living." There is what one observer calls "the long overdue application of constitutionally legal restraints on the management of the national economy," particularly the management of the nationalized industries (virtually every major Austrian industry is either nationalized or "semi-nationalized" with the government holding the majority of shares) and more particularly the problem of the national budget arising from an inflationary wage-price spiral. In fact the country is in such a mess that for a great many Austrians, the big mystery in the Habsburg case is why Otto should have wanted to return to Austria at all. In recent years hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Austrian intellectuals, professional men, and technicians have emigrated or are now seriously contemplating emigration.

Welfare Poverty

The immediate causes of the continuing exodus of the Austrian elite are not hard to find. Eighteen years after the war, Austria today is in many ways the most socialized country in the western world. Paradoxically, because of the *Proportz*—the division and duplication of powers and positions resulting from an eternally hung coalition—Austria is more socialist today than it would have been if the Socialists had always been the unrivaled masters of the country. In continual efforts to break the eighteen-year deadlock, each of the coalition parties has tried to outbid the other in social-welfare programs. Both have succeeded. The General Social Insurance Law was passed in 1956 and was amended for the eleventh time in July of this year. Each amendment has provided increased benefits. There are two new amendments in the works.

The fury of socialization, which is largely manifested in a bewilderingly elaborate system of pensioning, has been aggravated by the country's traditional practice of political pensioning. When the republicans came in after the First World War they pensioned off the monarchists, the Dollfuss régime pensioned off the republicans, the Nazis pensioned off the Schuschnigg administration, the post-Second World War republicans pensioned off the Nazis, and since then each succeeding political constellation has pensioned off incumbents to make way for its own appointees. As a result, every sixth Austrian is a pensioner; perhaps a quarter of the population of Vienna is on some sort of pension; and the Austrian Federal Railroad, like the transport system of Vienna, has more pensioners than employees.

The state provides every conceiv-

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able type of pension and a few all but inconceivable ones. There is, for example, a pension for orphan and double orphan students above twenty-four years of age. The government is not unaware but rather half-aware of the fact that with advancing age more and more people become orphans. Of course, all pensions are dismally small. An adult double orphan receives 830 schillings a month ($32.37). But then—and this is the main fact of Austrian life—wages are also dismally low.

According to the National Association of Social Insurance Institutes, the average monthly wage in Austria in 1962 was 2,126 schillings ($82.91). This figure is the mean between the average for men—2,477 schillings ($96.60)—and the average for women—1,388 schillings ($54.13). One of Foreign Minister Bruno Kreisky's two secretaries, who takes dictation in three languages, draws a monthly salary of slightly more than 1,900 schillings ($74.10). A graduate engineer must reckon with a maximum beginning salary of 3,000 schillings ($117). The main tenet in the philosophy of the supersocialized Austrian state seems to be that citizens don't really need much money. The national health program pays all expenses connected with birth, sickness, and burial. A point of pride with the government is the fact that Austrian rents are "the lowest in the civilized world." In Vienna, for example, seventy-eight per cent of the residents of government housing projects pay less than 200 schillings ($7.80) a month and only two per cent pay more than 400 schillings ($15.60) a month. The great majority of housing in Vienna is government-owned. Rents for private dwellings are strictly regulated (the term is "adapted") to government rental scales by law. But if Austrian house rentals are the lowest in the civilized world, so are the Austrian housing standards. Forty per cent of *all* Vienna housing has no running water. Seventy-five per cent of the housing in Vienna built by the state since the war has no bathrooms (i.e., neither bathtubs nor toilets) and fifty per cent of it doesn't even have space allocated or connections provided for the installation of plumbing by the resident.

Overcrowding is another aspect of the problem. There are thirteen single-room dwellings in Vienna with more than ten people living in them, sixty-six two-room units with ten or more residents. There are 2,789 one-room units with five inhabitants and 688 one-room units with six inhabitants. But 794 six-room dwellings and 2,051 of five rooms have only one resident. Of these many are token tenants, landlords who prefer to keep their houses and apartments vacant in the hope of renting to a foreigner for anywhere from $100 to $800 a month. It is estimated that in this fashion, enough housing for some forty thousand people is being withheld in Vienna alone, where the housing shortage is so critical that newlyweds must wait from one to three years—and in many cases much longer—for an apartment.

Apart from rents, life in Austria is not inexpensive. Food prices are roughly the same as in Common Market countries, while bourgeois luxury items such as automobiles, television sets, and refrigerators are considerably more expensive. As a result of this combination of circumstances, the average Austrian with his pittance salary must enter into long-range installment arrangements in order to buy anything except incidentals. The accumulation of modest capital for investment is virtually out of the question. The overwhelming majority of modern Austrians are state-kept paupers with pocket money.

Sweet and Sour Schlamperei

The Austrians are rapidly becoming a people divided between those who cannot afford to live in Austria and those who cannot afford not to live in Austria. The argument runs that all her brilliant sons and daughters in exile will return whenever Magna Mater Austria calls. And so they will and so they do—for a short ceremonial visit, after which they hurry back to their lucrative jobs abroad. Yet it cannot be denied that many remain enthralled by the old girl's charm, as great as it is intangible.

The Austrian art of gracious living is almost entirely occult. If there is anything grim and unbending about the Viennese it is their determination to be gay and carefree. But they bring it off: never have so many done so much with so little. There are a few palpable clues: the Viennese are the best conversationalists in the German-speaking world; the Austrian accent-cum-dialect has rendered the explosive standard High German as mellifluous and lilting as a Romance language. The Viennese political cabaret is probably the best in the world (certainly the most richly fed by local and national events). Generally, the cuisine is second only to the French; in soups, some sauces, pastry, and the preparation of beef it is signally superior to the French.

True, *Schlamperei* (an untranslatable term for the euphoric cultivation, hallowed in Austria, of inefficiency and neglect) is a constant irritant, particularly in government and services. But this has always been counterbalanced by the general tendency of the public to have only negative expectations. There are classic Austrian statements in illustration: "Isn't it wonderful to live in a place where nothing happens when nothing happens?"

But the cult of the *status quo ante* in which progress is categorically a breach of etiquette is dying out. The actual squalor of Austrian living conditions—so long concealed behind the spacious coffeehouses and the baroque façades of the old empire—has become painfully perceptible by an increasing contrast with conditions in the West.

The Austrian economy would consistently run deep in the red were it not for the booming tourist trade. In the summer of 1963, for the first time, the number of tourists staying overnight in Austria was greater than that of either Switzerland or Italy. But the tourist trade is not what the Austrians should like it to be. Tourists visiting Austria are predominantly of the wrong kind: Germans, who are notorious throughout Europe for practicing what the Italian tourist trade refers to as *il turismo piccolissimo;* they generally bring their own provender and camp out in tents, spending a near absolute minimum on the local economy. And in Austria if the German tourist giveth very little he taketh much away. Many Germans—and not only Germans—are industrial talent scouts in tourist's clothing. The Aus-

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trian economy has need of eight hundred new mechanical and electrical engineers each year. However, the total of such engineers graduating from all technical institutes in Austria is only four hundred. Of these almost half go abroad, fifty going to Germany alone. The inducements are tremendous. A technician, intellectual, or professional man can earn approximately the same number of marks in Germany as he can schillings in Austria. At the official rate of exchange, one mark is worth six schillings. Austrian institutions of higher learning, particularly the technical institutes, have suffered greater budgetary neglect under the system of socialization priorities than any other field of endeavor. Education Minister Heinrich Drimmel (Conservative) has finally received an allocation for the establishment of thirty new faculty chairs by the end of this year and a hike in academic salaries. But this is merely a stopgap measure to stem the migration of professors. There are only 48,000 students in universities, colleges, and institutes in Austria (about 11,000 of them foreign), but class and lecture-room space and facilities are nonetheless desperately scarce. Often as many as 1,200 students are crammed into a hall designed to accommodate 300.

AUSTRIA has not only become a German playground, it is also a reservoir of skilled manpower—small but important—and increasingly susceptible to foreign recruitment. There are some 40,000 Austrians working and living in Germany and approximately 10,000 in Switzerland. Most of them are in key positions—managers, academicians, and editors. Three full professors, four assistant professors, and one lecturer at the University of Bonn are Austrians, as is the editor-in-chief of the Christian Democratic Party's unofficial organ, the newspaper *Rheinischer Merkur*. The largest unofficial colony in Berlin (approximately 2,500) is Austrian, led by the internationally known architect Professor Hans-Heinrich Sobotka, who is in charge of the city's grandiose construction program. Austria's world-famous physiologist, Dr. Konrad Lorenz, works in Germany because the Austrian government would not subsidize his research. Big brother to the north is still there and (economically) more powerful than ever.

Anschluss Verboten

The neutrality clause in the Austrian State Treaty of 1955 was imposed by the Russians as a safeguard against the bugaboo of *Anschluss*, unification with Germany. Today's Austria is the only remaining part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that did not become part or all of a non-German state. Between the two world wars the majority of Austrians were in favor of the next logical step—the adjoining of what was left to Germany. But the step was expressly prohibited by the allies. The prohibition left Austria economically with no visible means of support, a landlocked vagrant with no place to go. Most of the mon-

archy's industry was in Czechoslovakia, its breadbasket was in Hungary, and its only port, Trieste, in Italy. Consequently, Austria became a ward of the League of Nations and a recipient of poverty grants from that organization into the late 1920's.

Now, eighteen years after the Second World War and the end of the 1938 *Anschluss* with Hitler Germany, Austria is virtually isolated again. Caught between two European power blocs, Austrians are thinking in terms of *Anschluss* once more. The majority of them favor *"Anschluss"* with the Common Market. More than fifty per cent of Austria's foreign trade is with Common Market countries, particularly West Germany. However, political *Anschluss* with the Common Market (hence with Germany as a member of the Common Market and Austria's next-door neighbor) is prohibited by treaty. Economic *Anschluss* (association) is left open in the actual text of the treaty but, in view of the express political goals of the Market, is suspected by the Soviets and a good many Austrian Socialists to involve ultimate political *Anschluss*. Even if it didn't, most Socialists fear that economic *Anschluss* with the Market in itself would spell the doom of Austria's fantastic economic structure and the sprawling social-welfare burden it supports.

Moreover, a great many Austrians, whatever their political creed, are almost pathologically afraid of foreign investment. Much of this fear is grounded in Austria's experience between the two world wars, when time and again the overnight withdrawal of foreign investments brought the Austrian economy to the brink of ruin and kept the country in a constant state of political turmoil. While paying lip service to the theory of foreign capital investment, the Austrians habitually make the practice as difficult as possible. American investment in Austria amounts to little more than $50 million, most of which is in petroleum refining. The only country in Western Europe less attractive than Austria to American investors is Portugal. Outright grants in aid are something else again. The Austrians made intelligent use of the Marshall Plan, particularly in the reconstruction and expansion of their steel industry.

THE OBVIOUS crucial dependence of little Austria on the economic and political policies of so many foreign countries has generated an obsessive fear of outside influence and, conversely, a timidity in the conduct of foreign affairs based on the apprehension of somehow provoking reprisals. As a not so old local proverb has it: "If a tile falls from a roof anywhere in the world, it always hits an Austrian on the head." Thus, paradoxically, it is easy to impose on Austrians but difficult to appeal to them. The Soviet Union has made persistent attempts to anchor its influence on the Austrian economy, first by reparations articles in the State Treaty forcing deliveries of high-grade Austrian oil to

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Russia, then by dumping low-grade, sulphurous Soviet oil onto the Austrian economy. The latest concurrent device is a swing arrangement involving the barter of Austrian finished products (steel, tools, industrial plants, and machinery) for raw or poor-quality materials which the Austrians have great difficulty disposing of. Early this year, the Russians were some eight billion schillings in arrears. The Czechs made elaborate proposals over many months for the construction of a Skoda automobile factory in Lower Austria but then withdrew their offer, ostensibly by way of protest against Austria's continued negotiations with the Common Market.

Any meaningful association with the Common Market would knock the Austrian economy galley-west. In order to stand the full or even partial blast of free competition, the Austrians would have to modernize and rationalize their national economic structure from the ground up —in plant, personnel, and practice. Many a cherished, rickety contraption—old and new—would inevitably be blown into oblivion. There is above all the problem of the redistribution (i.e., diminution) of the social-welfare overhead. This, in the case of various state enterprises, has already become unbearable. The minister of transport, himself a Socialist, reported this spring that the Federal Railway System was operating at an annual loss of 600 million schillings because of less-than-cost fares to various groups. This was in addition to a yearly pension overhead of 1.5 billion schillings.

Many Austrians have great difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that the only way to end Austria's economic dependence is to accept dependence and develop it. Since this operation would entail putting the economy in general and the export industries in particular on a profit-and-loss basis—in short, in running state-owned enterprises like private enterprises—the Socialists are in the forefront of the resistance. The prospects of Austria's joining the Common Market as an associate member appear to be at as much of an impasse as the national political coalition. The prognosis for Austria's economic development in the long run is not favorable.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Would-Be Writer Industry

ALAN LEVY

A FEW WEEKS from now, articles editors will be stuffing stamped addressed envelopes with rejected manuscripts keyed to impending events like the fiftieth birthday of crossword puzzles and the twenty-seventh anniversary of King Edward VIII's abdication. Rehashing the Duke of Windsor's love life is one of the "Idea a Day" for December recipes served up in a would-be writer's trade journal, *Writer's Digest*. ("Conduct a public opinion poll in your city—would most have done the same thing? You might query marriage counselors.")

Somewhere between the sublime and the ridiculous lies a vast American industry that manufactures endless lists, mass-produces useless formulas, packages false hope, and offers encouragement to thousands who yearn for self-expression, instant immortality, or easy money through the printed word. "Live a richer, fuller life . . . enjoy the rewards and prestige of a writer," the Famous Writers School of Westport, Connecticut, implores. "There is no seniority or job prejudice in writing." The Famous Writers School estimates the opportunities open to people who can write at a total of $20 billion a year. Another correspondence school, the Newspaper Institute of America, proclaims that Mrs. I. M. Sheck of Browning, Montana, "earns $60 each month in spare time—writing the N.I.A. way." The N.I.A. way begins with a three-page aptitude test as any ambitious newcomer's key to "the Hundred-Million-Dollar Free-Lance Writing Field."

The road to literary fame and fortune, being open to everybody, is naturally a crowded one. A "vanity" publisher, whose authors pay to be printed, has estimated that at least a million Americans have sat down to or seriously intended to write a book. Citing one minor statistic, he added: "At one time, I had an active list of 135,000 people who write verse."

Any industry whose entrepreneurs include Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, and Bruce Catton (founders of Famous Writers School) and whose hired hands include Mark Harris, Eric Ambler, and Nelson Algren (on writers' conference faculties) must have something to recommend it. Some of these "names" have actually earned their livings from good writing. But I would suspect that the would-be writer industry thrives on the axiom that there are also livings to be made from bad writing.

THIS GOSPEL is preached for profit by the trade bibles. The editorial tone of *Writer's Digest* is almost identical with its advertising. Both voices insist that *you* can write no

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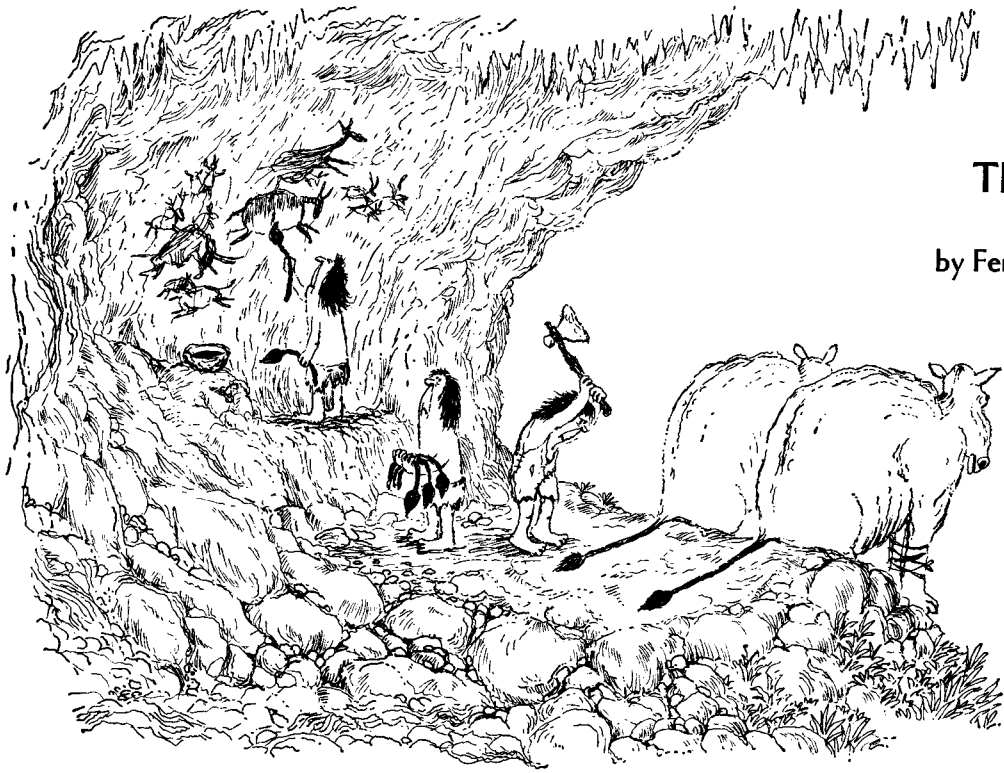
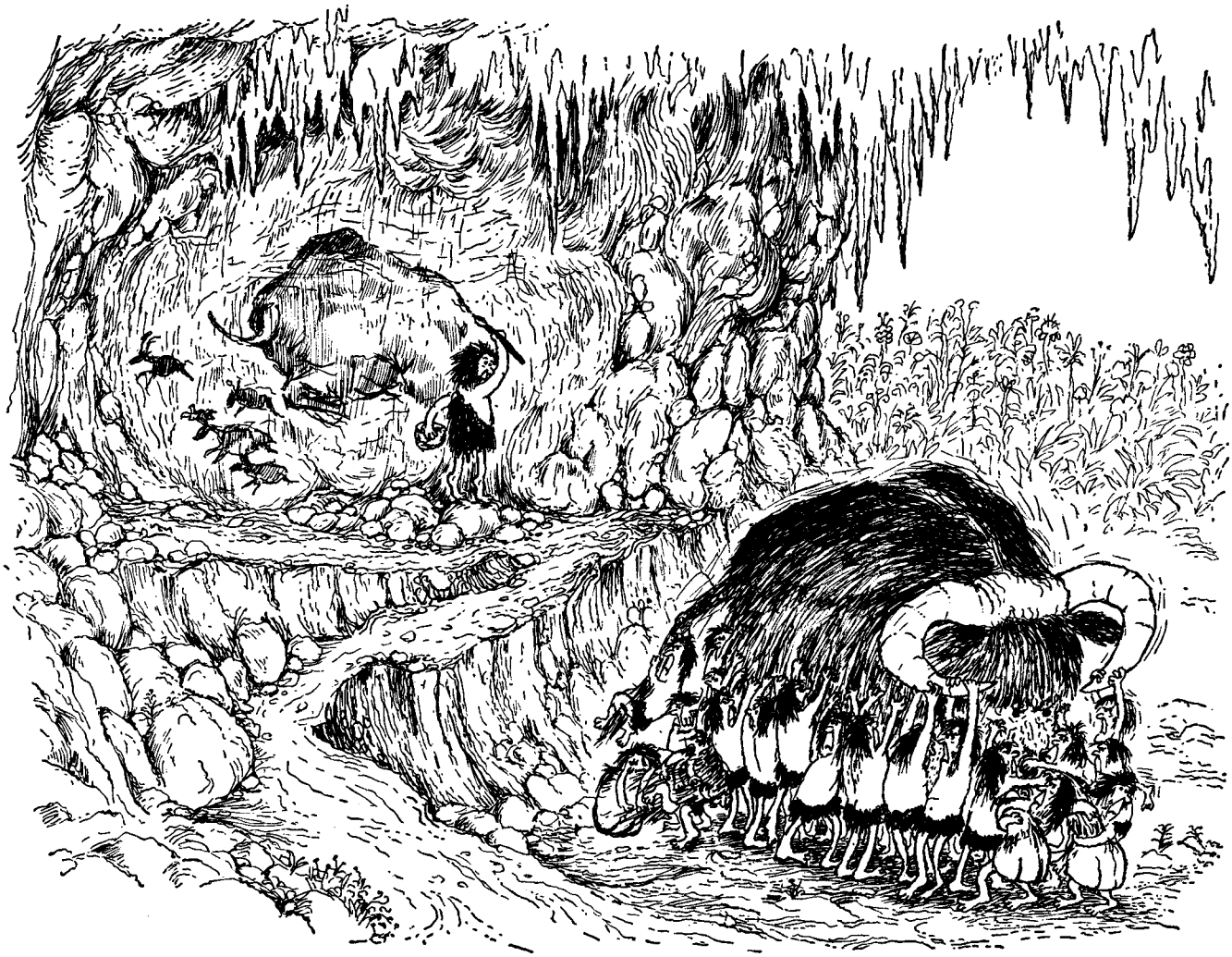


The Artist

by Fernando Krahn



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matter who you are—and don't let anybody tell you otherwise. Inspiration tumbles over inspiration; exclamation points abound. ("W-h-e-e-e!" begins one cover ad.) One recent issue contained ads for five agents who will read anything legible (for a fee), twelve editors who can fix almost anything (for a fee), five correspondence courses, nine vanity presses, three literary ghosts, one "querying service," and nine publishers in desperate need of "song poems."

The largest single advertiser in *Writer's Digest,* however, is *Writer's Digest* itself. That same issue featured thirteen house ads promoting *Writer's Digest's* own Beginner's Individual Course in Short Story Writing; its own two-year, $75 correspondence course in Article Writing; its own manuscript criticism service ($4 minimum per poem); a $4.95 book, *Freelancer's Treasury of Article Ideas;* and a *Writer's Market Service.* The latter is a loose-leaf directory updated every three or four weeks. For $15 a year, it tells you that Collier Books has a new address, *American Weekly* has ceased publication, and the minimum length for novels at Thomas Bouregy & Co. is now fifty thousand words.

The *Digest's* rival, the *Writer,* tempers gaudy hopes with a certain amount of grayish caution. Occasionally it even says something relevant about writing, as in a recent article on the importance of revision ("Don't Lick the Stamp Yet," by Barbara Robinson). The *Writer's* more Spartan philosophy may be one reason why its monthly circulation is only thirty thousand, while *Writer's Digest's* is fifty thousand. But the *Writer* can be as sappy as its more affluent rival. It, too, compiles absurd rosters: *Oral Hygiene, Safety Education, Dixie Dairyman,* and *Coins* magazines appear on the same market list for manuscripts as *Popular Science, Theatre Arts,* and *Paris Review.*

EVERY SPRING, both the *Writer* and *Writer's Digest* list summer writers' conferences, and every summer, an estimated five thousand to eight thousand Americans flock to these scenic outposts of the would-be writer industry much as the ailing converge on Lourdes. "I want to find out where I've gone wrong. I've written three books, all rejected," a woman told me when I sat down to my first breakfast at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Vermont.

"Bread Loaf is not a how-to-do-it school," said the poet John Ciardi, who directs the two-week conference. "I sometimes think it is more nearly a confessional in which people who have spent their lives at the writing process itemize their failures while clinging to their hopes." The American ritual of holding a writers' conference originated at Bread Loaf, in the Green Mountains, only thirty-seven years ago. Today, there are more than sixty notches in the Borscht Belt of literature. Some conferences (notably Bread Loaf's and Indiana University's) boast the loftiest ivory towers on the would-be writer horizon. A few (such as the Humor and Comedy Writers Conference at Rosoff's Restaurant in Manhattan) are belligerently trivial. Others (the Pemaquid Seminar in Reading and Writing at Damariscotta, Maine; Pineywoods Writers' Conference in Nacogdoches, Texas; the New York City Writers' Conference on picturesque Staten Island; Writers' Week in Pasadena, etc.) fall somewhere in between.

The writers' conference's most clearly visible means of support are the Helen Hokinson ladies who turn up with checkbooks, much-thumbed manuscripts, lonely hearts, and vague yearnings to write like Fannie Hurst or Faith Baldwin. ("Are you cultural?" a novelist's wife swears one of the ladies asked her. "If you'd like to come, we're having a young man read 'Trees' in my room and then we're going to analyze the poem.") Their pens and pencils dutifully record every pedantic noise made by speakers who ought to know better: "the structural mathematics of plotting," "etymology of words," "thematic dynamics," "the furniture of the book" (i.e., bibliography and index). Their notebooks must chronicle, with stenographic realism, the memorable moment last summer when Professor Theodore Morrison of Harvard harrumphed that Robert Frost "never was a man who 'put on a persona,' to use the popular phrase."

Occasionally, a Nelson Algren or a Brock Brower bares his soul and his creed on the conference platform. The ladies listen respectfully and then pepper him with questions about how wide margins should be, the relative advantages of double and triple spacing, and whether permission is needed to quote from Washington's Farewell Address.

"Talk is the Bread Loaf product," said Ciardi, who might have described it more accurately as talk-talk-talk. One hard-working writer's reaction to two weeks of it was apparent when Nelson Algren electrified Bread Loaf's final "clinic" with this comprehensive advice to would-be writers: "Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never play cards with a man named Doc. And never sleep with anyone whose troubles are worse than your own."

Algren's remarks may have been more useful than a dozen sermons about writing, for at most conferences the ratio of non-talent to talent is high. At Bread Loaf, several faculty members estimated (and my own observations would tend to confirm) that 145 people who are not now and never will be writers are subsidizing about five fellow students who may have some good writing in them.

Almost every conference claims at least one novel that was discovered there: Bread Loaf's pride is *The Big Sky,* by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. In sylvan settings, contacts may be more easily made than in Manhattan reception rooms, but the "discoveries" are needles in haystacks. At Bread Loaf this year, a naïve fledgling writer left in disgust because nobody had offered him a contract. Most writers' conferences make no promises, but perhaps they ought to post the odds.

WHILE the summer writers' conferences are in hibernation, the year-round creative workshops are in session. These vary in quality from place to place and even from year to year. Currently, the fashionable one is Paul Engle's Iowa Writers' Workshop. Because not everyone can make his way to Iowa City, Engle's workshop has hooked up with the most aggressive arm of the would-be writer industry: the home-study packagers. Now, through Encylopaedia Britannica's correspondence-course program, you can take an Iowa fiction-writing course "so designed that

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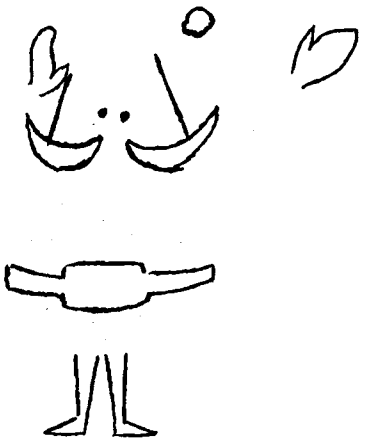

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you will receive a constant, personal criticism of your lessons and manuscripts by the staff that has for so long offered 'hard criticism and decent sympathy' to resident students. Because of the nature of home study, you are their class of one." Thus far, the Iowa "sell" has been far softer than Famous Writers School's "We can teach you how to write."

Some mail-order moguls remind you insistently that Margaret Mitchell was a housewife when she wrote *Gone With the Wind;* Jonathan Swift dean of a cathedral when he scribbled *Gulliver's Travels,* which also made a swell movie; and Zane Grey a dentist. Other institutes rely on personal persuasion. I used my wife's name in sending for one correspondence school's brochure. My wife received the mail plus, a few evenings later, a phone call from the school's "Field Representative." (One school, I've learned, gives its salesmen the title of "Registrars.") He wished to discuss "your background, your aspirations, and—most important—the depth of your interest in writing." Upon the basis of a few questions and answers, he was empowered to recommend her for enrollment. Ad-libbing furiously, my wife told him she had "lost interest in taking the course. I'd thought about it when I had trouble writing a letter, but since then I've finished the letter, thank you."

It should be noted, however, that most postal academies rely on entrance exams to keep out misfits. At least one professional journalist has been denied admission. Last year Gerald Walker, who was then president of the Society of Magazine Writers, took the Famous Writers School's eight-part aptitude test. "I did as bad a job as I could and they flunked me," Walker reported, "so they must run an honest shop."

The lessons offered by the home-study packages are mostly sound. Some of the criticism the buyer gets is indeed detailed. One student recently submitted some of Joseph Conrad's better work as his own and received drastic editing by return mail. A reputable literary agent who looked into the mail-order method said, however, that "only one per cent of would-be writers are *ready* to benefit from such lessons." It is also a badly kept trade secret that most literary correspondence courses barely break even on the diligent student who completes all his lessons. The profits come from the early dropouts.

For would-be authors who consider themselves ready for marketing (and what devotee of *Writer's Digest* doesn't?), the industry offers more specialized guidance—by literary agents who charge appraisal fees. One of them, A. L. "Lucky" Fierst, recently lowered his minimum from $10 to $5 because "this fantastic book market has brought me so many calls

that I cannot supply enough good books to meet the demand." Scott Meredith, whose advertising features twenty-nine "typical checks" from publishers, is holding the line at "$15 for small books under 10,000 words" and "$10 per story or article up to 10,000 words, plus $1 per thousand words for additional thousands."

A former employee of an agency that advertises heavily for manuscripts told me: "We had one submission whose first sentence was: 'Black Abraham Lincoln S.O.B. in a casket.' From there on, it went downhill. It was against company policy to tell the author his work was hopeless. First, I wrote to him that it lacked plotting. Well, he fixed that up with a few more ravings. Then I wrote to him that it had no hero. When it came back again, I wrote to him that it had no point of view. Then no sentence structure, no dialogue, no sex. . . . Anyway, when it had been mailed to me fifty times at $5 a throw, I began to get nervous. I wrote to the man that his work wasn't really very salable and maybe it ought to be retired. Two days later, I got a long-distance call from the man's wife: 'Please don't stop writing to him. Your letters and my visits are all he lives for since we committed him.' "

Some factories maintain canned paragraphs of encouragement. A reader will skim a manuscript and scrawl a note to the secretary: "Send him paragraphs A, D, G, and L." Others pay readers on a piecework basis: a while back, the going rate was $1 per manuscript read and criticized. These readers are often college students, schoolteachers, and semi-starving writers—*they* are the principal talents to emerge from the boiler rooms. One of them was the poet Allen Ginsberg, who used to agonize over every manuscript he received. He often wrote just one letter and earned one dollar in a whole afternoon. Ginsberg's career as a talent scout came to an end not because he was unproductive but because his punctuation was poor. His letters were sent out over the name of the agency chief, who grew embarrassed and let Ginsberg go. If any client still possesses an encouraging letter in which *isn't* is consistently spelled *is'nt* and *don't* is spelled *do'nt,* he may own a collector's item. Few others who answer the ads will be that amply rewarded. While all agents have the right to charge reading fees, most of the good ones don't. And hardly any of them advertise.

For the would-be writer industry, there may not be a sucker born every minute, but on the average at least one is published every day. Last year, at least 525 hard-cover books were issued by Pageant, Carlton, Exposition, Vantage, and eight other "vanity presses." The Federal Trade Commission estimates the cost borne by each author as ranging "from about $900 up to $6,000, depending upon the book's size and the initial printing order." Forgotten already, most of these volumes today clutter warehouses, attics, and remainder counters. Buried beneath their dust jackets are faded hopes, life savings, and hard labors. After all, it usually takes just as much effort to write a bad novel as a good one.

"The 'vanity press' charges a grim price for flattery," says a *Consumer Alert* issued by the FTC. It cites the case of a minister's widow who submitted a book-length manuscript that her late husband had written

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for boys. The publisher's interoffice report on it was: "This is a preposterous, sentimental, badly written adventure story about teen-age boys. The plot makes very little sense." But the same firm's report to the widow was: ". . . the kind of straightforward, clean, teen-age boys' book that is a pleasure to read. . . . there is enough excitement and adventure in this story to make it highly appealing to any red-blooded American youth. . . . I think your husband wrote very well, with an excellent sense of plot development." This tribute milked the widow of $1,320 and led to her taking "all kinds of odd jobs at the age of sixty-two" to raise the money.

The FTC contends that "the vanity boys are hard put to refer you to any happy former customers," but this does not appear to be the case. Exposition Press advertises dozens of case histories, including: "#5 O. W. 'BILL' HAYES: *Your Memory—Speedway to Success.* 5th ed. Writing, teaching, lecturing, plus LP record album sale. Author nominated for Lt. Gov. of Texas. 54,000 in print."

The liveliest book that Exposition Press ever published was its founder's own confessional, *The Rogue of Publishers' Row,* by Edward Uhlan (1956). Like most vanity-press authors, Mr. Uhlan didn't receive the editing he needed. But his book offers a revealing insight into the techniques of "subsidy" or "co-operative" publishers, as they call themselves. "Much of the censure that subsidy publishing has been subject to has been justified in my opinion, and is mainly due to the built-in larceny of the contract itself," Mr. Uhlan admits. Later, he cites this example: "I have before me a subsidy publishing contract similar to one you may receive. . . . The contract specifies a first edition 'not exceeding 2,500 copies.' This, of course, gives the publisher the *legal* right to print as few as, say, 400 copies, as has happened. Meanwhile, you envision a sale of 2,500 copies, at a dollar royalty per copy."

Exposition's rival, Pageant Press, advertises "$202,573 to Writers"—paid out in royalties and other earnings over the past seven years. There is no mention of what was paid in.

Vantage Press stresses a glittering stable of "name" writers—including Dr. Albert Szent-Györgyi, Nobel Prize winner in chemistry; Fulgencio Batista; and the late Eva Perón. ("Why not give yourself a chance to join this select group?")

Vanity publishers come in all sizes. One of the smallest advertises wistfully: "Why wait till eternity to have your poems, stories, articles accepted, and published? Save your time, and money, and effort. We publish your poems, stories, articles NOW at a nominal charge of only 20 cents a line for poetry, and 2 cents a word for prose in our pocket magazine 'THE POET'S MISSION.' From one line of poetry to a thousand lines, or up to a thousand words of prose accepted (very few manuscripts refused). Send complete payment with your manscript. . . ."

To all of the mentors already cited, add free-lance manuscript doctors ("Write it right and sell! I'll show you how!"), ghosting specialists, miscellaneous tipsters, bogus contests, and even travel bureaus. (You don't need to have published to embark on a "Writer's Tour of Mexico" and visit the setting of Eileen Bassing's novel, *Where's Annie?,* for inspiration.) Add to the list Mildred Reid of Contoocook, New Hampshire, whose advertising positively purrs: "Why not live with me at my Writers' Colony and receive teacher-at-elbow assistance . . . ? Any length of time. Experience this stimulating meeting of minds amidst beautiful surroundings, ten acres of pine groves."

THE would-be writer industry has been part of the American landscape for more than a century. Its seed was there when Poe, Thoreau, and Whitman were underwriting their own early efforts. With growing literacy came mounting literary aspirations. But there were many more new writers than the legitimate publishing houses could accommodate. Many of the talented were rebuffed just as impersonally as the untalented. The would-be writer industry has grown up to fill the needs of vast numbers on the outside looking in. It has peddled hope indiscriminately to the hopeless and the hopeful. And what's more, it has blurred the distinction between them.

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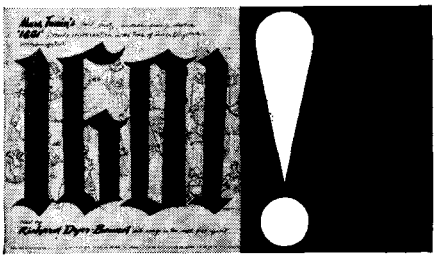

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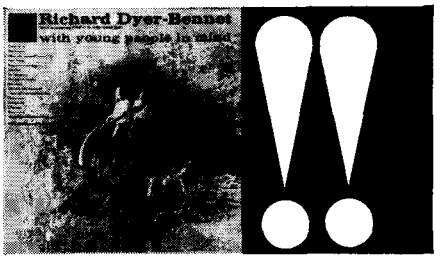

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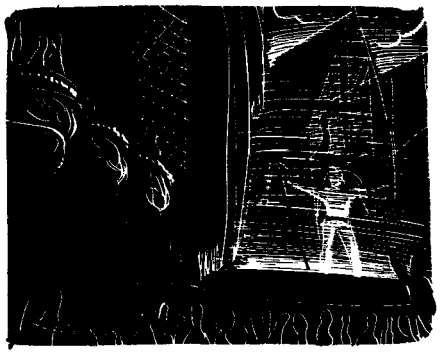

'Here I Stand (More or Less)'

TOM F. DRIVER

ONE CAN GET a better idea of what John Osborne's *Luther* is about by reading it than by seeing the production at the St. James. Being episodic, the play tends to sprawl, but the shape Osborne intended is fairly clear. The first act focuses on Luther's insides, and much of the material in it seems to have come from Erik Erikson's psychoanalytical interpretation, *Young Man Luther.* In the opening scene—"Now you must choose one of two ways"—Luther is divested of his worldly trappings and takes the habit of an Augustinian monk. In bold strokes we are shown the contrast between the serene life to which Luther has pledged himself and the tumultuous life in his psyche. "I am a worm and no man. . . . Crush out the worminess in me, stamp on me." His soul locked in dread of God, his bowels locked in constipation, he is obsessed with fearful images. Some of these were intended to be shown on stage: the body of a naked man hanging across the blade of a huge butcher knife; Luther carrying the naked body of a child, walking from a cone of light into surrounding darkness. He has fits. On the day when he is to say his first Mass he vomits in his cell.

In the second act we are transplanted from "the intense private interior" to the public world, which according to the playwright's stage directions is to be shown in caricature "like Dürer." Now Tetzel, the Church's patent-medicine man, hawks indulgences. Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustinian Order, tries to administer to Luther the mild laxative of reason and moderation. Unpurged, Luther ascends the pulpit to preach not only against indulgences but holy relics as well. He is taken before Cardinal Cajetan, the papal legate, master of a rhetoric less fiery than Luther's. He writes an appeal, which reaches Leo X while the Pope is on a hunting trip, looking less like Christ's vicar on earth than like Francis I. Condemned, Luther mounts the pulpit again. "As for this bull," he yells, "it's going to roast . . . and so are the balls of the Medici." He appears at the Diet of Worms and takes his stand. The peasants revolt.

At this point the play makes a turn. The Peasants' Revolt confronted Luther with the most important political decision of his life. The break with Rome had been, essentially, a decision made by the Church. The German princes had sponsored him for reasons of their own. But the Peasants' Revolt put a decision in his lap. It demanded whether he was a political revolutionary as well as a theological one. His answer was unambiguous and as intemperate as his other pronouncements. For Luther had never imagined himself as a rebel against anything except Satanic fear in the breast of sinful man. What he sought was security through faith, not justice through remaking institutions:

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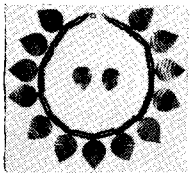

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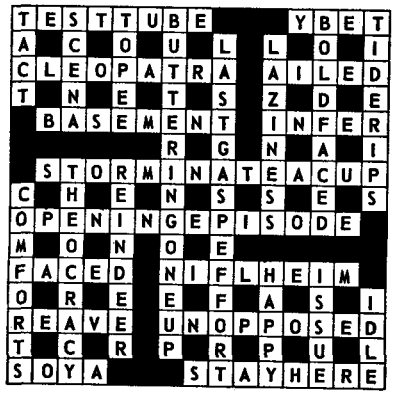
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Acrostician—
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

He was as insensitive as the Renaissance Popes—and as most Protestants after him—to the possibility that God might demand, through the violent action of the oppressed, a redress of grievances. In the violence of the peasants he saw nothing but chaos. Osborne is right to see that Luther was psychologically unable to risk social chaos for the sake of any greater good: "When I see chaos, then I see the devil's organ and then I'm afraid." In the play, Luther pushes the sight of the rebellion away, prays to the heart of Jesus to save him, and turns to Katharina von Bora, his bride.

The last scene is small and poignant. In the great hall of the refectory of what was once the monastery at Wittenberg, Luther's wife has served a meal to two aging men—Luther and old Staupitz. The place is cavernous, deserted. The sounds of a baby's faint cry and of two men talking have replaced the "eloquent silence" of the monks. The men look back on what has happened. Staupitz leaves, Luther takes his infant in his arms, speaks to it gently of the devil, of man as a "helpless little animal," of hope in Christ, and then goes off to bed. Curtain.

IT IS CLEAR from Osborne's stage directions and from the images in the lines that the shape of the play is contraction-expansion-contraction. The storm inside gets caught up in, and perhaps adds to, a storm outside, and the world is changed forever. But the man who loosed himself in fury crawls back into a domestic retreat and licks his wounds; he is not capable of understanding, or caring deeply about, the public world and its political fortunes.

We have seen this Luther before; his name was Jimmy Porter in Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*. That he is adequate to represent the Luther of history I would deny. We allow playwrights, however, the privilege to take from history that which they can appropriate to their own experience. Jimmy Porter-Martin Luther is a symbol of the conviction of futility that is present in all of Osborne's works. As Jimmy Porter, he retreats from the storm his emotions have engendered, snuggling back into a domestic den with his "poor squirrel." As Luther, he does the same, with some hope in Christ, for additional protective lining.

The courage that Osborne knows how to write is the courage of rhetoric. When the fighting is to be done in words, he is never at a loss,

either for things to say or for the ability to say them in character. But there is another form of courage that Osborne's characters lack and that he seems to lack as a dramatist. It is the courage to deal with reality by maintaining a point of view and patiently building a work of merit. I might call it the courage of craft. Without it chaos is indeed at the door, and there is no wonder that it seems so frightening.

Osborne might have written a strong play on the theme of a futile giant who can neither control nor comprehend his own revolution. But the play Osborne has actually written is marred throughout by failings of craft. The long solo speeches are brilliant, even if some of them want paring. But aside from these long speeches, the dialogue is hackneyed and does very little work to keep the play in movement. In a play we do not want to feel the author's imagination in spurts but in a continual pressure exerted all along the line. In *Luther* there are too many spurts, separated by wearisome dead spots, too many Hellos and How are yous and I'm all rights. And there is one major flaw in construction: Osborne has ducked the job of dramatizing Luther's decision about the Peasants' Revolt. Instead, he has offered us a rhetorical report of it in a long speech by an unknown character called the Knight and a rhetorical self-justification by Luther after the fact. Rhetoric is not always enough.

AS IF Osborne had not made sufficient mistakes in writing his own play, the designer, director, and actors have supplied a stageful of

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their own. The design, by Jocelyn Herbert, is misconceived. She has ignored Osborne's written directions, which is a designer's prerogative, but she has not fulfilled her remaining obligation to represent by other means the basic pattern of the play. Instead of unity she has given us monotony. Sometimes her settings do not even make sense. For instance, the scene with Leo X is supposed to take place in a hunting lodge, and the nervous Pope is called on to "shoot at a board with a crossbow" while listening to Luther's letter. Miss Herbert's set forces him to aim his crossbow at the ever-present backcloth painted with Gothic cathedral columns. I thought he might shoot down the dove of the Holy Spirit from the clerestory.

Tony Richardson's directing is also full of bloopers, such as sending characters offstage in one direction and then indicating that they have departed in another. Except for Albert Finney, who plays Luther, the acting at the St. James is strictly routine, which is not good enough by half for such a play. Even Mr. Finney, though he is stunning when seized with a fit and can also preach a fine sermon, brings little creative energy to the lackluster passages of the script. Contrary to my expectation after seeing him in the film *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning,* I did not find him a commanding presence on the stage. Perhaps he was overcome, being surrounded by so much uninspiration.

Osborne has tried, and almost succeeded, in reducing Martin Luther to his own terms. David Merrick and company have tried, and succeeded, in reducing Osborne to theirs.

The Threepenny Artist

HILTON KRAMER

When George Grosz died in the summer of 1959, he left behind two distinct careers as an artist. Each had brought him considerable acclaim, yet each had become a source of anguish to him. The last years of his life were haunted by a sense of failure, a feeling made more acute by the tendency of critics to speak of him as an artist who had lost his powers. The true source of his despair, however, lay not so much in the criticism with which admirers of his early work taxed his later productions as in his own ambition to transcend the satiric vocabulary that had brought him his early fame and thereby establish himself as a "fine artist" in a more conventional European sense. This ambition remained unfulfilled—probably, for an artist of Grosz's background and temperament, unfulfillable—and he died a bitter man.

His first career, as a graphic artist of satirical subjects, began while he was still in his teens. In the years immediately preceding the First World War, Grosz worked as a caricaturist for the leading newspaper in his native Berlin, and at the same time pursued his serious art studies. He was already something of a rebel, and his experience as an infantryman in the war—he was twenty-one years old in 1914—greatly intensified an already inflammatory hatred of the military elite. Like Brecht, whom he came to know and whose work of the twenties greatly resembled his own in style and ideology, he spent a good deal of the war in military hospitals among the dying and insane. He was finally court-martialed for insubordination, and just missed receiving the death penalty.

It was therefore as a direct protest against the prestige and destructive ideals of the officer class as well as the moral hypocrisy of the bourgeoisie that Grosz helped found the Berlin Dada movement in 1918. Dada, particularly in its German version, was a political as well as an artistic movement, but its political side was almost wholly negative, a matter of rhetoric and polemics, of scandals and demonstrations. It had neither a party nor a program. Its principal resource was the unrelieved bitterness the experience of the war

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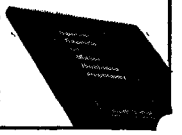

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 87

by HENRY ALLEN

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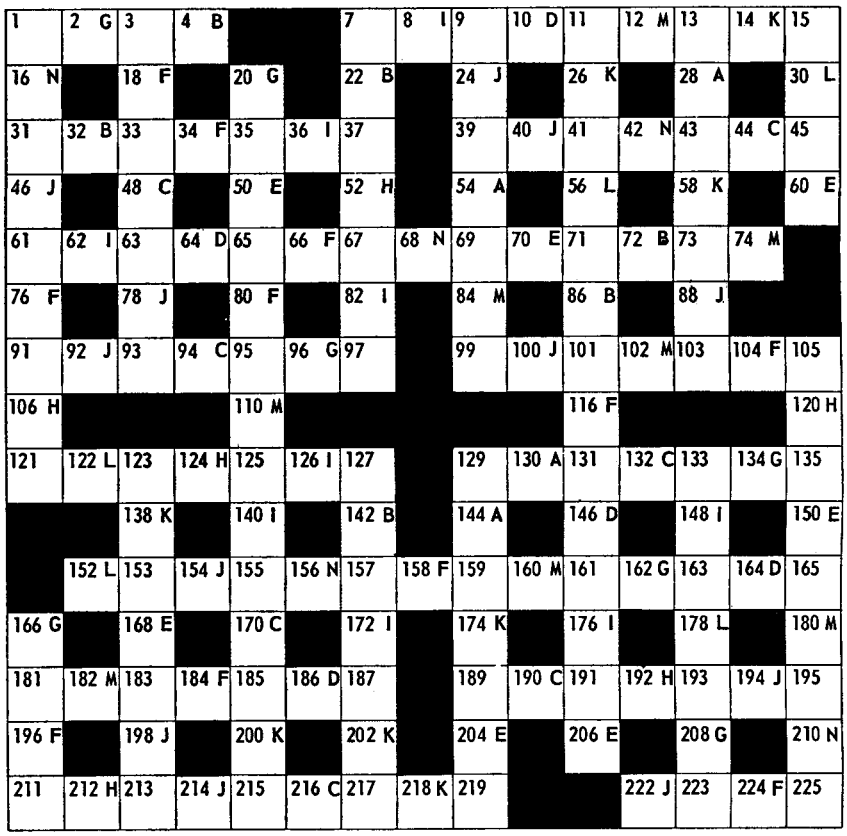
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A. 144 130 54 28 "To fields where flies no sharp and sided _____." Hopkins, "Heaven-Haven."

B. 4 72 32 142 22 86 A strongly scented Eurasian herb.

C. 132 216 48 94 44 170 190 Belgian cardinal, 1851-1926.

D. 146 164 186 10 64 Seaport in Chile.

E. 60 50 150 70 168 206 204 "Macaulay is well for a while, but one wouldn't *live* under _____." Remark attributed to Carlyle in R. M. Milnes's "Notebook."

F. 66 196 76 116 184 158 34 18 224 104 80 What a Moslem might call a Christian caught stealing (6,5).

G. 20 96 134 208 2 162 166 Optimistic.

H. 120 212 106 124 192 52 Pertaining to element of atomic number 53.

I. 62 172 36 126 8 148 82 176 140 A white-flowered, prickly poppy.

J. 222 78 92 46 24 154 194 88 100 40 198 214 Amboina tree product (8,4).

K. 138 14 218 200 26 202 174 58 Dramatic text or poem set to music.

L. 30 178 56 122 152 Famous song from "The Merry Widow."

M. 84 180 12 102 110 182 160 74 "With brede _____ wove, / O'erhang his wavy bed." Collins, "Ode to Evening."

O. 210 16 42 68 156 Bones of the forearm.

Across

1. Like needlework, it's founded, strangely enough, on clay!
7. Order to a military bunny whom Alice found mad (5,4).
31. The pine crumbles and holds rot, but produces the substance.
39. Audacious untruth for a dollie with a bee (in her bonnet?) (4,3).
61. This vessel is a yachtsman's dream with the CIA way long gone. (5,5,4).
91. This animal may croon with some current.
99. Binocular view of wet Yedo (3-4).
121. Sir, with two small companies, you can bear the Libyan wind.
129. Dames stirred up on a ship make an unhappy situation (3,4).
152. Principal creations of the Acrostician (6,8).
181. The nut I ape to find a flower.
189. Beat heavily, but the end is light.
211. Discontinued car to tie together a body type? (4,5).
222. Weapon that sounds like a man.

Down

1. Drink planks or things to write on? (3,6).
3. A trochee may be a chore with 99.
7. Another wind to come soon with a man in Scotland.
9. The chaffinch may be a robin and French.
11. One who competes for an Oscar from an old yacht, low or nothing (9,5).
13. Tam's haunted kirk is completely gone, I hear.
15. No matter what the odds, can you get this?
20. Controls hold for cements, and they are strengthening things.
105. Calamities may be flowers for the lord of the underworld, it appears.
123. A muscle whose root is tar.
127. This grove may give an alternative to a vegetable!
129. Sean hit the Moslem evil spirit (var. sp.).
133. Take the lion ere he becomes one who takes far off (var. sp.).
166. King of poem found in little picture galleries.

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had bequeathed to the most sensitive members of the generation that had fought in it. While deeply sympathetic to the ideals of the Russian Revolution and superficially Communist in its pronouncements, the political character of the Berlin Dada movement was much closer to the romantic anarchism that the Communists themselves abhorred.

Grosz himself was quickly disabused of whatever illusions he might have harbored in this respect on his visit to the Soviet Union in 1922. The artistic debate then raging in Russia was between the Constructivists, who believed their abstract and quasi-scientific style embodied the true ideals of the new revolutionary culture, and the Socialist Realists, who looked upon art as nothing

Street Scene, 1921

more than a vehicle for delivering readily intelligible slogans to the masses. Grosz was temperamentally out of sympathy with the purist aesthetics of the Constructivists, and he saw in Socialist Realism a revival of the bourgeois hypocrisies he heartily detested. Grosz hated all forms of authority—such hatred was, indeed, the essence of Dada's social ideology—and in Soviet Russia he saw a society coming into being that had no place in it for a rebel like himself. He remained a radical, but unaffiliated.

Artistically, too, Dada consisted of an emotion rather than a program. It appropriated the most radical innovations of the modern movement and turned them to its own purposes, but it initiated few artistic innovations. In Grosz's case, an intensely conceived amalgam of Cubist, Futurist, and Expressionist devices, together with some formal ideas taken from the new cinematic use of montage, was placed at the service of a keen and often cruel observation of the Berlin social scene. Grosz's style, in the period from the First World War to 1932, when he left Germany to come to America, underwent certain changes; it gradually threw off some of its modernist devices, becoming in the process less fragmented and more straightforward and realistic in its depiction of social themes. But his main preoccupations—the brothels and cabarets of Berlin, with their repulsive women and their even more repulsive patrons, and the scenes of poverty, crime, and destitution juxtaposed against the decadent pleasures of the prosperous bourgeoisie—remained the same, and so did the harshness and the comic virulence with which they were rendered.

Grosz was at this time primarily a graphic artist, and his drawings were his major work. For a very short time, from the war years to the early twenties, he was able to carry his graphic genius into painting with some success. He produced a number of powerful oils, mainly of riotous city scenes, based upon the format of similar works by the Italian Futurists and colored with the sinister hot light and macabre shadows then widely used in the Expressionist theatre. And indeed, the settings and dramatis personae and over-all feeling of Grosz's paintings and drawings of the twenties are very much akin to the movement in the German theatre that finally produced in the Brecht-Weill *Threepenny Opera* its most famous monument.

But where Brecht was afterwards able to transform his irony and his instinctive distrust of official rhetoric into a powerful new style, and thus go on to produce his very different plays of the thirties and forties, Grosz never gained a comparable mastery over the art of painting. He was at his best in the polemical immediacy of the quickly executed drawing, and conspicuously lacked the conceptual and technical

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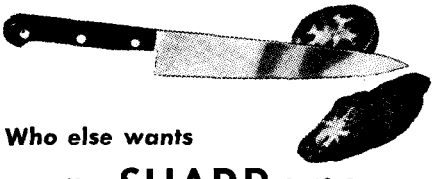

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gifts necessary for extending his vision into the slower and more complicated demands of the oil medium. He remained a master of the graphic in the way that Brecht was a master of the bitter lyric poem; some of the great lyrics in Brecht's *Hauspostille,* published in 1927—"Ballad of the Dead Soldier," "Concerning a Drowned Girl," and others—read like commentaries on Grosz's unforgettable images. But Grosz himself never went on to produce the equivalent, in oils, of Brecht's major plays.

The standard view of Grosz's development is that his art suffered an uninterrupted decline from the moment he moved to the United States in 1932. Still, within the past year several ambitious exhibitions covering his entire *oeuvre* have been staged in Berlin, in London, and now in New York—and critics have been afforded an opportunity to reconsider the whole question of Grosz's achievement. No less a personage than Edmund Wilson has lately gone on record to dispute the standard judgment of Grosz's art. "The stock thing to say about him, after he came to America in 1932," Mr. Wilson recently observed, "was that his work was no longer so interesting; but this was not at all true. Grosz had a straight non-satirical side, which he mainly developed in the United States: the sand-dunes, the nude figures, the portraits of friends, all as solidly constructed as Dürers. And when he went back to satire at the time of Hitler, his Nazi butchers and miserable 'Stickmen' were as powerful as anything he had done in his youth and were remarkable for a new use of color."

The organizers of the New York exhibition of Grosz's work, which is neatly divided into the early period, 1912-1932, shown at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Avenue, and the later, 1932-1958, shown at E. V. Thaw & Company, 50 East Seventy-eighth Street, have made grateful use of Mr. Wilson's statement in their catalogue, but the works they show do not support his revaluation. For once, the standard view is correct. In the early thirties Grosz produced a few satirical drawings that recall the strengths of his previous work, but for the most part the work of his American period, whether satirical or straight, is characterized by an emotional bathos and a technical flaccidity that are unredeemed by the least semblance of sensibility or original vision. Even if one refrains from measuring this work against the standard of Grosz's own best efforts, there is something pathetic and dispiriting in its yearning for a grandeur of statement that is unsupported by either its subject matter or the artist's innate gifts.

THE AMBITION to become a great painter, in a traditional sense, which Grosz brought with him to America in the thirties was only one of the causes of his decline. Another was his unbounded admiration for American commercial art—and for the whole surface of American life. In the worst years of the Depression, America remained for him a fairy tale. He once said he would like to paint like Norman Rockwell, and he meant it, and he tried. His position as a famous artist and a European celebrity, with a steady income from teaching, publishers' commissions, and the sale of his pictures, shielded him from the realities of American life, and it is probable that only a head-on collision with those realities could have rekindled something of his old powers as an artist.

There was, moreover, nothing in the artistic scene in the New York of the thirties to encourage Grosz's odd and contradictory ambitions. He must have felt at times that he was back in Moscow in 1922, for the thirties too were divided between partisans of Social Realism and votaries of the abstract styles that Grosz had already rejected in Europe. He lived his last decades in a dream that had more to do with his boyhood vision of America than with the life he saw around him, a vision that only large quantities of alcohol could any longer sustain. Grosz became more and more like a character in a Brecht play, remorseful over the daring exploits of his "threepenny" period and yearning for a more respectable achievement. At his last public appearance in New York, scarcely two months before his death in Berlin, he was presented with a gold medal by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and he used the occasion to denounce satire as an overrated medium.

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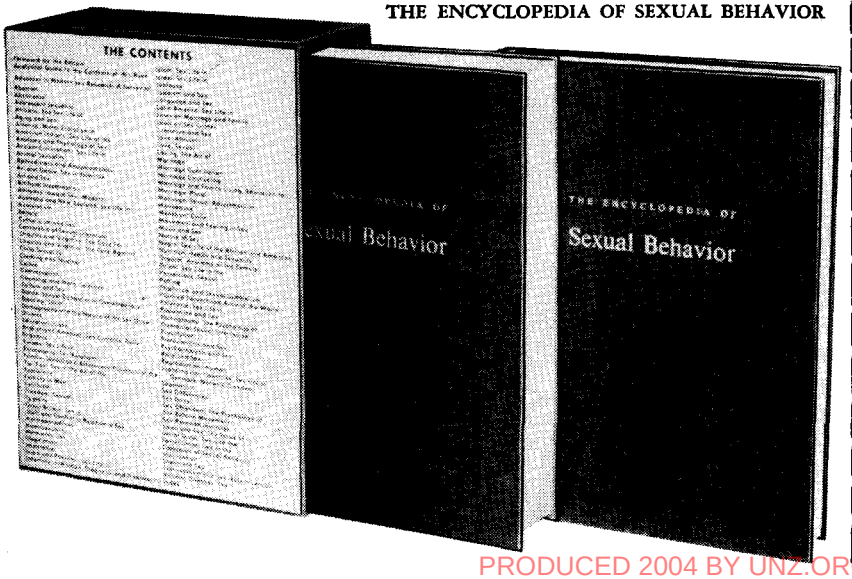

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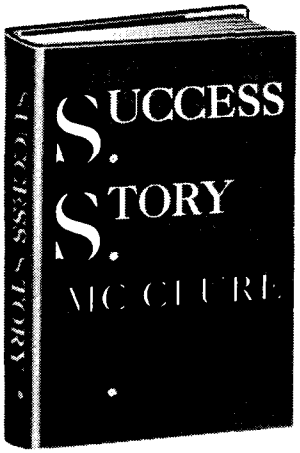

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Finger Exercises

DAVID LITTLEJOHN

NOTEBOOKS: VOLUME I, 1935-1942, by Albert Camus. Translated by Philip Thody. *Knopf. $5.*

The new English translation of Camus' early notebooks, covering his twenty-second to his twenty-ninth year, is in many respects a disappointment. For one thing, he has already played his own censor: in preparing the *Notebooks* for publication in 1954 he withheld entries he regarded as too intimate for circulation. His notes contain virtually no direct reference to the external events of his life—to his two marriages, his work as an actor-director in the Algerian theatre, as an editorialist-reviewer in the Algerian press; no mention of his four years in the Communist Party.

The notes, primarily, are a young writer's exercises: observations, studies in style or in new ways of seeing, sudden thoughts, twists of metaphor, snatches of conversation. It is the sort of thing one expects all young writers to do, and it puzzles me that a twelve-years-wiser Camus decided to prepare something so fragmentary for the press.

We have page after page, for example, of tiny narratives, one- or two-paragraph anecdotes, perhaps plot ideas for never-written stories (a very few turn up in *The Stranger* or *The Plague*), more likely simply observations of the way men are or might be. A majority betray Camus' haunted, only half-philosophical obsession with death:

"On a door: 'Come in. I have hanged myself.' They go in and find it true. (He says 'I,' but there is no more 'I.')" I count thirty-four such little suicides, murders, and *condamnés à mort,* not to mention the *causeries* on cemeteries, tortures, the Day of the Dead. The book is saturated with death.

Other of these narratives deal with the intimate bitterness of married life; so many that one is convinced of their autobiographical origins. Others deal with war fever, with soldiers, with the maimed and deformed. Camus collects macabre little bits of esoterica from Greek mythology and the Italian Renaissance. He records overheard conversations of every sort, the commonplace, the coarse, the suggestively charged, some of which find their way directly into the novels. Some anecdotes take only a line, others two or three pages.

There are also landscapes—trees and wind-swept weeds, Italy, Mallorca, Paris of course, and above all the North African trinity of sun, sand, and sea. Much of this is plodding Anyman's traveloguery, some simply single-word cuffnotes for possible future use; a great deal was transcribed directly, or near directly, into his early lyrical-impressionist essays on Italy, Algiers, and Oran (the latter two are included at the back of the English version of *The Myth of Sisyphus*). The reader who knows Camus' landscapes only from the settings of his novels, wrought (in the case of *The Stranger*) of the sparest prose, may find as something of a surprise the multicolored exuberance of his earlier writing. These are exercises in "fine style" as well as in observation, and the young author is often carried away with his metaphors and pantheistic fire. Many of these juvenile prose-poems to nature could be taken as excellent imitations of his much-admired D. H. Lawrence. There are, in fact, a few paragraphs of pure panting eroticism that never quite made it to the novels.

Much too much of the volume, to take the third category of entries, is

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given over to "intellectual" snippets of various sorts, few of them striking or extended enough to merit publication. These are the signs of intellectual adolescence, the pseudo-philosopher-in-training, the newly discovered mind in love with itself: *pensées, mots,* two-line observations on the human condition, monologues and dialogues on Life and Death, especially Death. Most tedious of all is the array of neat, paradoxical aphorisms: "A love which cannot bear to be faced with reality is not a real love. But then, it is the privilege of noble hearts not to be able to love."

Such things grow agreeably less frequent in the later pages as Camus grows more accustomed to using his mind profitably, perhaps as the influence of Nietzsche (with Kierkegaard, Spengler, and Dostoevsky the most quoted here of his idols) declined. In any case, one has reason to hope that the *Notebooks* to come —two further volumes are due, plus a last, uncensored volume (1954-1960) we may never see—will be less insistently, less self-consciously "intellectual."

THERE is little evidence in this first volume of the man who was to become—who was then becoming—the conscience of an age, little evidence of the sense of human worth and human justice that was to make him the most eloquent political moralist of our time. But one can begin to discern the progress from the self to the world, from the absurd to the rebel, in these scattered notes and fragments. "Understand this: we can despair of the meaning of life in general, but not of the particular forms that it takes; we can despair of existence, for we have no power over it, but not of history, where the individual can do everything."

The outbreak of war in 1939 moved Camus fully, once and for all, into the world of action. A new man, the man we have come to know—the Camus of *The Plague,* of *The State of Siege,* of *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death*—seems to swear himself into existence in these few pages. With the new subject—the political world, the world of men and nations —comes a new tone, a new hardness; the studied lyricism is gone:

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"We used to wonder where war existed, what it was about it that was so vile. And now we realize that we know where it lives; that it is inside ourselves. . . . It is there, truly there, and we were looking for it in the blue sky and the world's indifference. It is in this terrible loneliness both of the combatant and the noncombatant, in this humiliated despair which is common to us all, in the growing baseness that we feel rising in our faces as the days go by. The reign of beasts has begun."

Camus had been politically active, to a degree, before the outbreak of war, in his newspaper reports and editorials for *Alger-Républicain,* and in his work in the *Théâtre du Travail.* But scarcely a hint of it entered his private notes—or, one suspects, fully into his private conscience. With the war, he made a new pact with the world: "There is nothing less excusable than war, and the appeal to national hatreds. But once war has come, it is both cowardly and useless to try to stand to one side under the pretext that one is not responsible." And he began, at twenty-six, his public life.

The opening lines of that perfect and terrible novel, *The Stranger,* appear with disquieting suddenness on page 105 of this *Notebook,* and we are reminded with a jolt whose scribblings these are we have been so critically, so pettishly reading. This is from the fall of 1938, four years before the novel was to appear; other hints have been occurring for over a year. In the midst of a discussion (December, 1938) of the absurdity, the utter despair of a man condemned to death, Camus suddenly begins to dramatize his plight: he goes on for three brilliant spontaneous pages, jotting down scraps of the prisoner's monologues up to the very minute he finds himself dragged off to the guillotine. Even here, in its tortured, undisciplined state, the material rises out of the fragmented dullness of the notes with a flame of life.

In April of 1941, the completed *Plague* was still six years away, but we can see the basic scheme outlined here, along with two incidents omitted from the final version. There are snippets, too, of *Caligula,* together with long sections from early essays, and ideas like those of *Sisyphus* and *The Rebel.* It is clear, nonetheless, that most of his work was done elsewhere, and that these first *Notebooks* hardly provide sufficient material for any study in depth of the genesis of Camus' major works. When all their worth has been distilled, their choice passages noted, their unintended and intended revelations pointed out, they remain workbooks —far less important than the man who wrote them, and something of a bore to read.

A WORD must be appended on the translation. It is inexcusable. In checking—and in most cases retranslating—the passages cited in this essay, I found that Mr. Thody is forever reversing the order of phrases and clauses to no apparent purpose, extending jottings into sentences, "explicating" by expansion, perversely washing out rhetorical balances, changing tenses at random, and inserting unneeded words of his own. Whole phrases, whole clauses, whole sentences in fact are omitted: at least four in the first fifty pages. *"Ses mains dans l'urine"* becomes "his head in his hands"; *"méditation"* becomes "moderation." In one instance, *"Oui, Monsieur,"* is deftly rendered as "No."

Rittenhouse Roundabout

GERALD WEALES

THE PERENNIAL PHILADELPHIANS, by Nathaniel Burt. *Little, Brown. $10.50.*

When Bamboo, the oldest gorilla in captivity, died at the Philadelphia Zoo in 1961, his graying, irascible neighbor in the next cage, Massa, succeeded to the title. In the summer of 1963, a Malaysian tapir arrived in Philadelphia and settled in the stall left vacant by the death of the capybara, the world's biggest mouse, which used to preen itself on being housed with the pachyderms. Continuity and change.

These are the characteristics of Philadelphia, according to Nathaniel Burt in *The Perennial Philadelphians,* or at least of that part of

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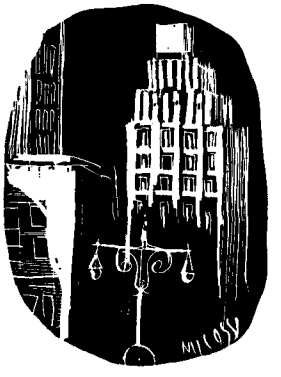
Philadelphia suggested by the title of his book. The very upper class of Philadelphia society, that group which has managed to sustain its position since Colonial days, has done so by being both exclusive and inclusive, by being a closed society with the door open just enough to let in new blood and new wealth after it has proved itself—that is, after the genius or the rascality which gave the family its first color is washed into acceptability by marriage. There is, presumably, an ideal three-stage rise into Philadelphia society: the first generation makes the money, the second generation makes the right marriages, the third generation makes the grade. Burt's book, which he subtitles "The Anatomy of an American Aristocracy," is an examination of Old Philadelphia —its habits, its folkways, its rituals, its connection with the economic, political, and artistic life of the city and the country. Burt is both amused and impressed by his subject, a true believer with his tongue slightly in his cheek. Essentially an affectionate if rather dull portrait, his anatomy ends by suggesting that Old Philadelphia is a well-mannered mediocracy, occasionally disrupted from within or assaulted from without by men of unusual ability of one kind or another.

To someone who is a relative stranger to Philadelphia, so many pages of concern with a small group of families seems odd and quirkish, the social history of an unlikely enclave. There must still be matrons on the Main Line who yearn to dance at the Assembly and bankers, dozing home on the Paoli local, who dream of getting into the Philadelphia Club, and there are probably more of these than my insularity suspects. The only reason that I can imagine for wanting to be among the select is that publicly available food in Philadelphia is bad, mediocre even at its best, and the banquets and dinners which are part of the ritual of club-and-board life in Philadelphia sound appetizing in Burt's description. Otherwise, it is easy to live and work in Philadelphia without being quite aware that Old Philadelphia exists. Not that those families are not pervasive. The banks, the insurance companies, the law offices are shot through with the old family names, a fact that is more important to the old families than it is to the man paying the insurance premium or dipping into his savings account. The newspapers are full of the Old Philadelphia names, on and off the social pages. Whenever a civic committee (or even a political committee since Old Philadelphian Joseph S. Clark got successfully into politics) is appointed, some of its members (probably including its chairman) bear an honored name. When a group of upper-class delinquents staged an indoor rumble recently and wrecked a house at Southampton, the young lady whose debut they were celebrating carried two Old Philadelphia names (Wetherill, very old; Wanamaker, medium old). So Old Philadelphia continues its tradition of good works and mild scandal, but the participants, whether they are public-spirited or simply spirited, are seldom thought of in relation to their family history. Few people passing the Wharton School or the Wistar Institute think automatically of *the* Whartons, of *the* Wistars.

The mark of Old Philadelphia is everywhere on Philadelphia, but it is not the city. Philadelphia, to be sure, includes the Biddles and the Cadwaladers and all that Cosa Nostra crowd, but it is also Congressman Bill Green, a new city-hall scandal, Lillian Reis on trial again, the South Philadelphia pop singers from Eddie Fisher (not one of *the* Fishers) to Frankie Avalon, CORE demonstrations, and a high unemployment rate. It is a city and it is alive. Mr. Burt—not because he wants to but because it is implicit in his material —gives the impression that Philadelphia exists only in so far as it is recognized by what he finally calls the gentry.



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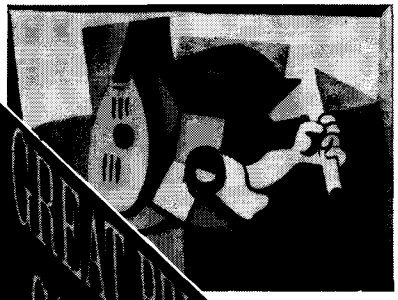
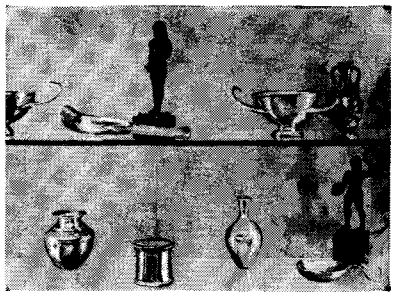
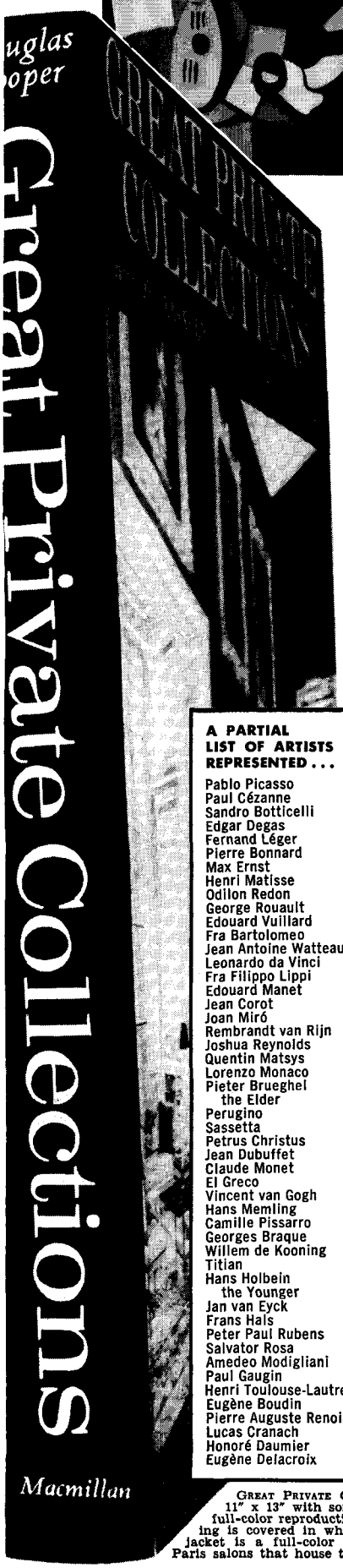




Left. This 1925 oil-on-canvas by Pablo Picasso is from the collection of Samuel Marx. It is so strikingly different from the 1941 Picasso in the Winston collection or the 1905 canvas belonging to Albert Lasker that one finds it difficult to realize that all three were painted by the same artist. *Center. La Résistance Inutile* . . . Jean Honoré Fragonard's charcoal sketch with wash is a superb example of the freedom and spontaneity that the great artists of the 18th century got into their drawings. From the Davray collection. *Right.* A group of ancient Greek, Etruscan and Roman bronzes, silver and pottery from the Walter C. Baker collection. The Baker collection also includes a curious self-portrait of the young Edgar Degas which hints at the high style of draftsmanship that the artist later developed. Nearly 100 artists are represented in these 26 private collections.



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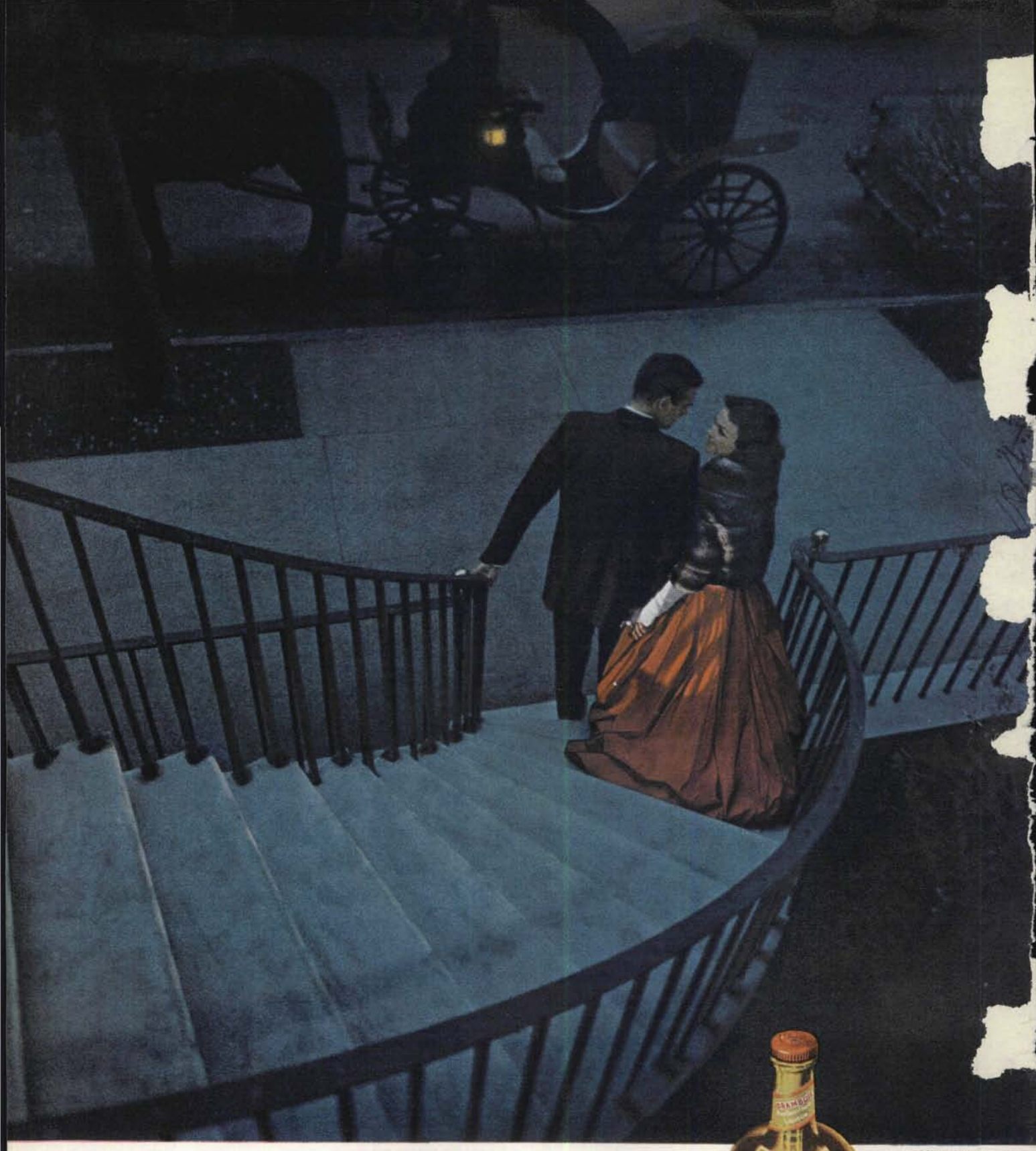

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